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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR. on "The Vile Campaign"

OCTOBER 6, 1964

NATIONAL REVIEW

A Journal of Fact and Opinion

Exclusive White House Interview with Uncle Cornpone

Congressman John Vliet Lindsay (ADA: 87) -- Destiny's Tot

Suffocation of Christianity by the Soviet Moderates

Also In This Issue:

AUBERON WAUGH ON OUR 'OVER-PRIVILEGED INTELLECTUALS' ♦

MICHAEL CURTIS ON THE FLIMSY CASE FOR ACADEMIC TENURE ♦

ALSO BURNHAM, KIRK, MORGANSTERN ♦ & RUSSELL ON SWEDEN

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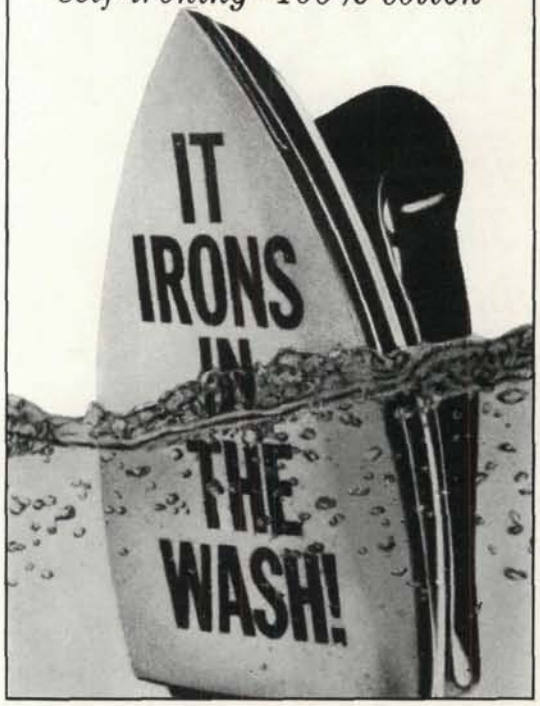

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In This Issue . . .

→ much ground is covered. To begin with, Mr. **William Gavin** transcribes a recent press conference with LBJ. Mr. Gavin, who is in his late twenties, developed his fine ear for the cadences of political rhetoric in the course of preparing himself to teach English, which is how he makes his living, in New Jersey. . . . Mr. **Robert Smith,** a young Wall Streeter though hardly a member of the Establishment, looks at the dismaying record of Manhattan Congressman John V. Lindsay, darling of the progressively moderate jet set in the Silk Stocking District; for whom the Presidency, no less, is sought, off there in the far, and very dim, future. . . . And **Cato** gives a rundown on the prospects of GOP conservative candidates running this year against the Liberal Democratic senators, Class of 1958.

→ **James Burnham** writes about Charles de Gaulle's stubborn anti-Anglo-Saxonism and his refusal to take Communism seriously, as de Gaulle marches about Latin America, bidding for attention to his third force. . . . **Josef Panowski,** just back from the Soviet Union, writes about the new Soviet crackdown on religion, and wonders how it is possible to deceive ourselves, in the light of its relentlessness, that the monolith is really breaking up. . . . Meanwhile Miss **Elspeth Huxley** examines recent activities by the Chinese Communists in Africa, and assesses the dismal consequences. . . . From **Michael Curtis** of Boston, where he works as assistant to the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, a trenchant essay posing the question: how, under the tenure system, can colleges and universities take the risk of promoting into tenure grades promising but not yet fully crystallized academic personalities?

(Continued on p. 859)

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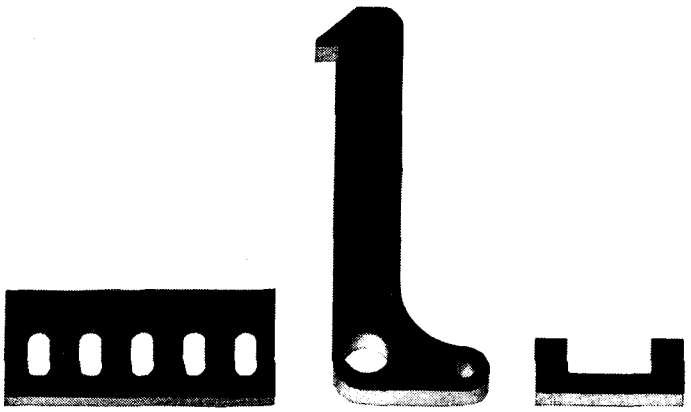

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To the Editor

The Lesson of the Congo

Ernest van den Haag's article summing up the Congo story in your Sept. 8 issue is superb and I wish it were possible to reprint it in millions of copies. I don't agree with a lot of your politics but have been a devoted reader of your magazine for several years because on certain questions it is a solitary voice of truth in the wilderness.

Amherst, Mass. ALAN DAVIS

Burnhamiana

No one could have buried "under-simplification" more thoroughly than James Burnham in the Sept. 8 issue, and I wish everybody in America could read his article. My congratulations!

Now, may I suggest another burial? And that is the word "compassion" that seems to be key word in the current Democratic vocabulary. If what they have is compassion, then what is political expediency?

Thanks for your conservatism and political sanity.

MRS. A. M. FRYSINGER
Manhattan Beach, Cal.

Mr. James Burnham's article, "The Perils of Under-Simplification," has expressed with uncanny perfection what I have been trying to tell many people for many years without too much success. Our country drifts into inaction due to an endless attempt to please all the people of all the world. As a result we have no real allies anymore—only embassies under siege or a constant hand out for more money. Mr. Burnham's article is so beautiful and so valuable that I would like copies of it for distribution to as many people as possible.

DONALD T. GEIGER
Port Washington, N.Y.

Like James Burnham, St. Matthew has some pungent comments on "The Perils of Under-Simplification":

"But let your communication be, yea, yea; nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil." (Matt. 5:37.)

Bronx, N.Y. JOAN DEMAREST

In the August 25 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, the very urbane and erudite James Burnham states that our means of opposing Communism

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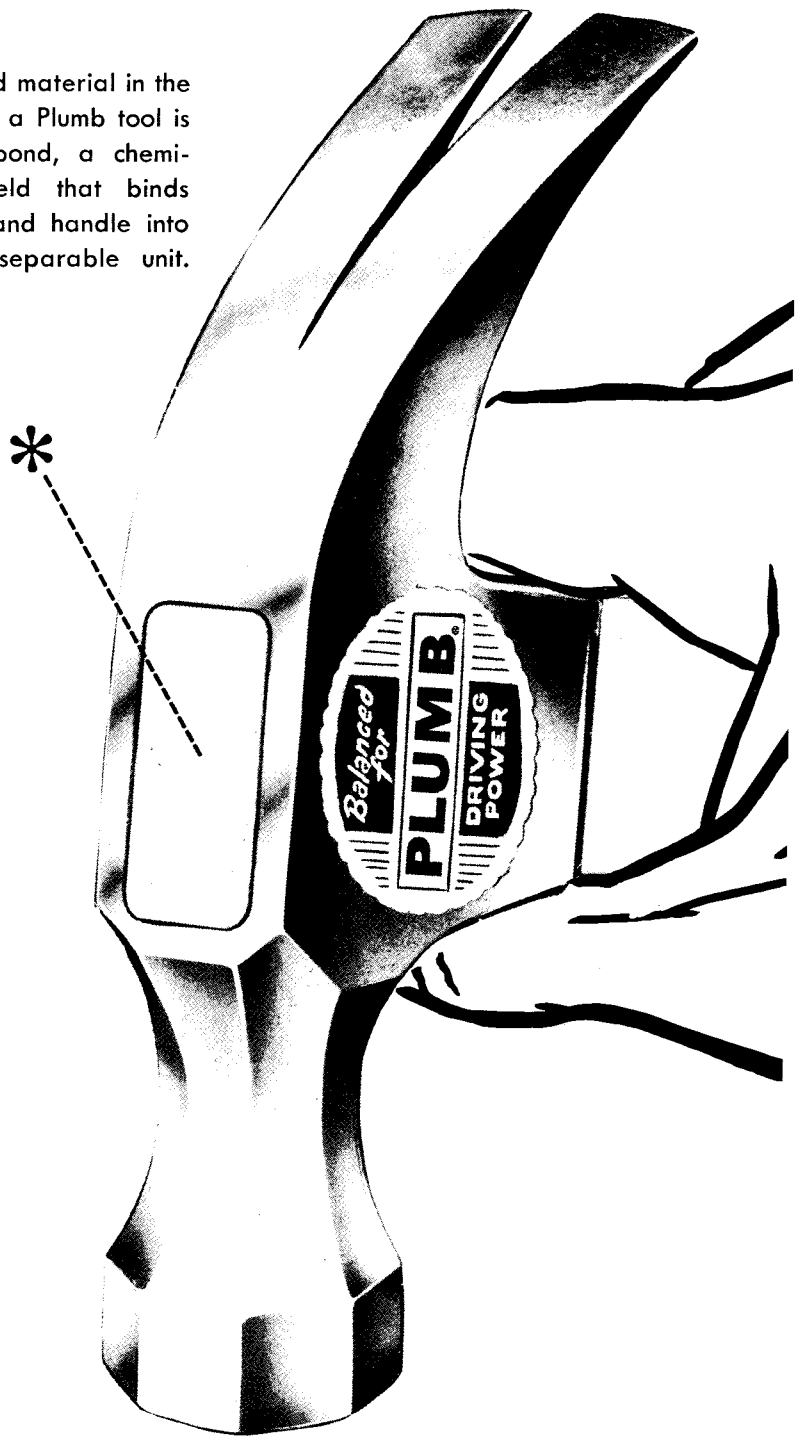

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should include the establishing of "anti-Moscow Communist parties in every country—Maoist parties, and where feasible Castroite, Titoist, Trotskyite . . ."

I have the utmost respect for Mr. Burnham, but this seems rather like trying to topple an Al Capone by setting up competing hoodlums, or like trying to cure cancer in a patient by exposing that patient to smallpox. I prefer to think that establishing *anti*-Communist groups would be much more effective.

In addition, is Mr. Burnham *that* certain that the International Communist organization can be split asunder? A rather grave gamble, I think.

Hollywood, Cal. HERBERT A. BOELTER

Kuchel's Case

Cato, your correspondent in Washington, indicates he is at a loss to account for the strange behavior of Thomas Kuchel, our Republican senior senator from California, in voting to support Democrat Salinger as junior senator [Aug. 25].

My guess is that there are between 850,000 and 1,200,000 voters out here who are both Democrats and Republicans and who are asking themselves this same question. You can be sure these voters will give Kuchel the answer at the polls. It looks like the Senator flipped his political lid, but he had been acting like a man with two left feet for some time.

San Luis Obispo, Cal. JOSEPH MANFRINI

Smear?

In the August 25 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW it is stated that the same people, by and large, who condemned the "silence" of Pope Pius in the Nazi situation acclaimed the "silence" of John XXIII in reference to the conditions of Jews and Christians in the USSR and Peking (China). I am sure other readers share my desire to know what the contextual meaning of the phrase "by and large" is, and also the source of this information.

In the same issue, an article by Victor Miller tells of the "California Plan." I have yet to read a page as offensive and intimidating to people of all races and colors.

This is not conservatism or anything else except plain, overt, pitiable prejudice. This trash is un-

(Continued on p. 881)

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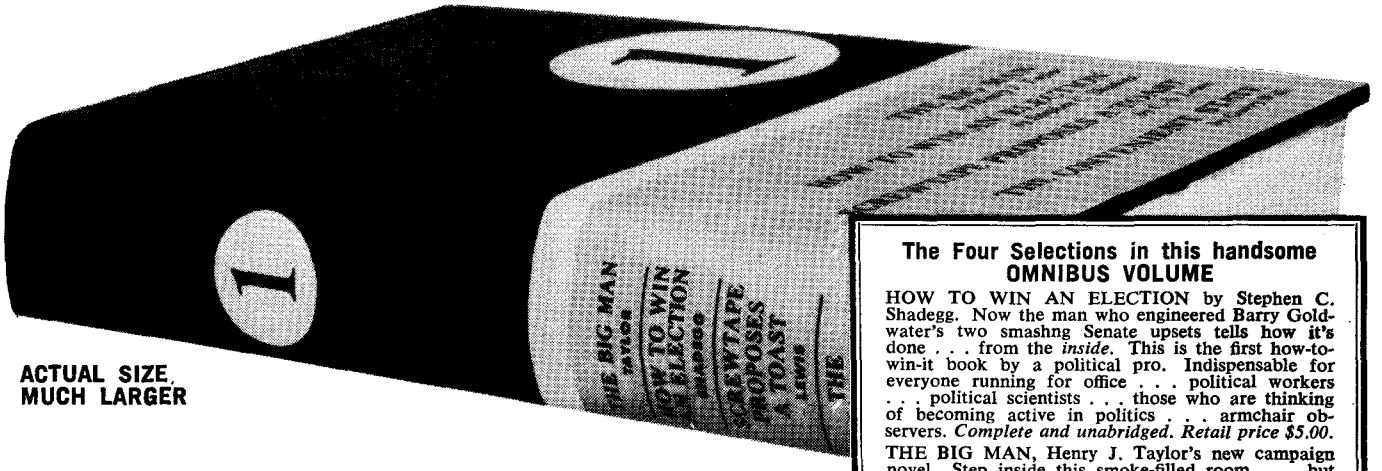

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The WEEK

● Isn't All the Way With LBJ an extremist statement?

● Bill Miller caught hell for charging, along the campaign trail, that the Kennedy Administration had made a secret deal with the USSR at the time of the missile crisis pledging no attack on Cuba. Here below an excerpt from an interview given *N.Y. Herald Tribune* reporter Barnard L. Collier last month. *Castro*: "[Since the crisis] I think the U.S. realizes the consequences of conventional warfare with us will be more serious now. There have been compromises." *Collier:* "What kind of compromises? Formal, signed compromises?" *Castro:* "Yes. Yes. Formal agreements. Between the U.S. and the USSR, and Cuba and the USSR. Essentially, I think, what is in the compromises is known to the world. There is to be no invasion of Cuba by the U.S. That is formal. It is binding on the U.S. Government under any President, any government. And Russia agreed to defend the revolution. The crisis made all this clear."

● From a letter, dated August 6, written by a staffer on the Democratic National Committee: "At the Democratic National Committee this is the time of doubt, and, in some cases, mild fear. Confident in the end, yes, but now worried that things are not going to be as easy [campaigning against Barry Goldwater] as once thought. But this may all have the happy effect of stimulating some zeal and organization."

● The Bobby Baker scandal was investigated last October by the Senate Rules Committee, which refused to call pertinent witnesses, stifled evidence, garbled its report, and stopped the agony by announcing that everything was heighdy-ho. Senator John Williams of Delaware wasn't convinced, kept digging, found new evidence of Baker's venality, called for an investigation, and got it—back to the Rules Committee, which will refuse to take or publish the pertinent evidence, will shut off the lights, and issue a ringing approval of President Johnson's Great Society.

● Sweden has voted herself another four years of the state socialism she's had since 1932, and what can one say of that, except that Swedes, like all of us, don't bite the trough that feeds them.

● FOREIGN NEWS DIGEST: While N. S. Khrushchev (the Good Guy) was bullyragging Mao Tse-tung (the Heavy) last week before the World Youth Forum, he offered Soviet arms and aid to "any people fighting against oppressors," by which he meant the USSR wished to be involved in any anti-colonialist war except among its own colonies, by which he meant to convince his audience—there and around the world—that he was going to push for peaceful coexistence harder than anybody, and by golly he'd stand on the record, because "many peoples" had been liberated by the Soviet military, and how could you coexist peacefuller than that? So don't be fooled by Mao, who doesn't really believe in peaceful coexistence, because he hasn't hardly invaded anybody since Korea except India, and what's the lousy idea of massing troops in Sinkiang and along the Outer Mongolian border when he could put more men in the field in South Vietnam?

● If the Latin American nations had made accurate advance estimates of the cost of welcoming Charles de Gaulle, some of them might have bowed out of his schedule. When traveling, de Gaulle rates even above the Beatles as a security problem: the military units guarding his route in the successive capitals are averaging 25,000 troops, in addition to local police. There are signs that the political accomplishments of his mission (see James Burnham's comments elsewhere in this issue) will prove less weighty than the personal impression made by this extraordinary man on the Latin Americans, with their traditional admiration for strong, self-reliant individuality. As statesman, de Gaulle may suffer from illusions; but as *vedette* he has no rival.

● "Decision for Disaster"—an article by the eminent Cuban attorney, Mario Lazo (now in exile), in the September *Reader's Digest*—is the result of three years of research into the questions, How did the Bay of Pigs disaster come about, and Who is responsible? Lazo fixes the blame on a vacillating and inexperienced new President who relied too heavily on political advisers and ignored the warnings of military experts. The article confirms the major outlines, and corrects minor details, of earlier studies such as those by Charles Murphy and James Bayard, and offers a stunning example of the reasons that impel President Johnson to campaign, if possible, on strictly domestic issues.

● When residents of Fox Point, Wis. (a suburb of Milwaukee) were ordered to remove a number of "This House Is Sold On Goldwater" signs from their lawns due to a local ordinance, Mr. Peter Kuehn persisted: he mounted his sign on a coaster wagon, because the ordinance didn't apply to vehicles. Fox

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Point ordered that removed, too, so Kuehn doggedly took his case to court where the cogent free-speech argument of his attorney, William Fox, won a reversal. Thus do peace, tranquility and Goldwater signs return to the suburbs.

● The August issue of *Fortune* carries an interesting comment on defense spending: "The Administration understandably continues through an election summer and fall to insist that no drastic changes are being considered, but all signs prove that another sharp downturn in defense spending for hardware and technical services is already quietly underway. Expenditures on procurement and development for the U.S. strategic forces may drop from 1962's high of $9.1 billion to between $1.7 and $2.2 billion by 1966-67." Now let's see: was it Senator Goldwater or the Pentagon that was saying we're headed for a decline in military preparedness?

● Sex in help will be illegal starting next July, when the Civil Rights Act will forbid employers to advertise for "help wanted, female" or "help wanted, male," all because of the clause in the law prohibiting discrimination on grounds of sex, with certain exceptions, such as locker room attendants at country clubs. The new Federal Equal Employment Opportunities Commission will hear all complaints. We can't wait till a transvestite applies for a job as a fashion model. Will FEQUEMPOPPOCOM pass the buck? Or the doe?

● Enter Now! Enter Often! Get with THE LIBERAL SWEEPSTAKES! Thousands of Prizes already awarded, tens of thousands still to win! Win a Federal Judgeship! Win a Trip Around the World on State Department contingency funds! Win a Hi-Fi Stereo Console! Thousands of Civil Service Plums! Millions of Anhydrous Ammonia Tanks! (Rules. Contestant must complete the following in twenty-five words or less: "I believe Barry Goldwater is a Fascist because . . ." All entries must be accompanied by a defaced conservative, or a reasonable facsimile thereof, such as the Goldwater bumper sticker you ripped off his auto. Submit entries to your local goon squad, or send direct to Democratic National Committee. The more often you enter, the better your chances. Contest closes on November 3.)

● Ho! Ho! Ho! Sino-Soviet Heavy-Handed Jokes Department: Russian diplomats are now saying that the Red Chinese have finally put a sputnik into orbit. Fifty million Chinese balanced the catapult and another fifty million pulled back the elastic.

● Latest definition of "extremist": One who thinks there ought to be two TV stations in Austin.

Notes from South Carolina

Camden, S.C. Sept. 16—It was only the third day of the dove season, and the afternoon was yet young. But all over the state hunters were packing up their doves, their shotguns, folding up the tailgates of their jeeps and station wagons. Strom was to speak at 6:30 and they wanted to hear him. They'd been speculating all day about what he'd do: sure he'd throw his support to Goldwater, but would he—as the rumor had it—bolt the Party as well?

On television, Senator Thurmond was serious, almost grim. He didn't smile when introduced. He launched right into a searing indictment of the Democratic Party. "The Democratic Party has abandoned the people. . . . It has repudiated the Constitution of the United States. . . It has become the party of minority groups, power-hungry union leaders, political bosses and big businessmen looking for government contracts and favors. . . ." The angle of the camera shifted and Thurmond, now shown sitting beside a giant photo blowup of Senator Goldwater, outlined why he would support the Senator. As he did so, the identifying caption which had been flashed on the screen periodically: "Sen. Strom Thurmond, South Carolina" changed to read: "Sen. Strom Thurmond, Republican, South Carolina."

It was a jolt. For the first time since 1872 South Carolina was represented in the United States Senate by a Republican. The arguments about whether Thurmond was justified, whether he had greatly helped Goldwater's chances in South Carolina, whether he had committed political suicide, would go on long past election day. But the GOP has come to stay—win or lose in November.

Here is Marion Smoak, a retired Army colonel of 45, with a brand-new law practice in Aiken, South Carolina, running for the state Senate as a Republican, although his father was a big wheel in Aiken Democratic politics, a Democratic judge. Here is Baynard Boykin, a Democratic Executive Committeeman in Kershaw County resigning from the Democratic Party to run for Congress as a Republican. The joke of Kershaw County is that the only elected official (and they're all Democrats) to endorse President Johnson so far is the only one who is *not* up for re-election this year.

When you don't see a single Johnson bumper sticker or poster during an entire week in a Southern Democratic state with a Democratic Governor, two Democratic senators, six Democratic congressman and a 100 per cent Democratic legislature, something is up. When 35,000 people turn out to stand for two hours in the broiling sun to welcome a Republican Presidential candidate, as they did for Barry Goldwater in Greenville last week, it's at least the beginning of the end for a one-party state. PLB

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The Vile Campaign

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

1. Goldwater Is Like Hitler

Writing in an English journal, Mr. Murray Kempton predicted last July after the nomination of Senator Goldwater that this surely would be the "vilest" campaign in recent history. It appears to be so, and it is only left for Mr. Kempton, and other critics of the Senator, to say why it should be so vile, and who is making it so; and fix the blame where it belongs.

What about Goldwater himself? What have been his own most abrasive statements during the campaign? He said in San Francisco that Lyndon Johnson was the "biggest faker" in Washington, a statement which one excuses or not, depending on the temperature one expects a Presidential campaign in American politics to generate. I confess I find it more or less routine. But move on to a more serious charge by the Senator, to wit, that President Kennedy may have contrived the Cuban crisis of 1962 with reference to the impending elections. President Kennedy was a highly attuned political tactician, and it is unquestionable that politics were somewhere in his mind, as indeed why wouldn't they be, on October 22. Still and all, I find it difficult, if not impossible, to justify that charge in the light of the objective events.

All right.

Consider now some of the statements of Senator Goldwater's opponents. Within a 48-hour period last week, three men drew a parallel between Goldwater and Hitler. Specifically, George Meany, head of the AFL-CIO, Martin Luther King, head of the nonviolent Negro movement, and Emanuel Celler, head of the Judiciary Committee of the House. We have, here, if you count all the categories: a Catholic, a Protestant, a Jew; a labor leader, a minister of God, a congressional leader. (So far, no Muslim, although Cassius Clay has yet to be heard on the subject.) It may be objected that the three gentlemen were provoked into objurgatory extremes which cannot be blamed on the national leadership. Indeed.

But the national leadership was directly involved in the little one-minute spot that is going the rounds of our television screens, featuring a pretty little girl licking an ice cream cone, with audio commentary to the effect that Senator Goldwater wants to resume nuclear tests, which would contaminate the milk, which would contaminate the ice cream, which would contaminate the pretty little girl. Poor little girl. She doesn't know, and John Bailey won't tell her, that Edward Teller announced last week that the United States has developed hydrogen bombs that are 100 per cent free of fall-out: and presumably the little girl is not to be reminded that President Truman and President Eisenhower, whom we know as "moderates," conducted nuclear tests of a very dirty kind during their Administrations, on the grounds that to do so was necessary to the maintenance of the kind of freedom that permits little girls to eat ice cream cones, and big boys to lie about the dangers of doing so.

The English are nearing an election at this moment, and the strictly enforced rules of English politics require an interesting act of political discipline. No one may issue a piece of political propaganda against one or another political candidate without the express consent of the opposing political candidate or his agent. Thus, George Meany would not be allowed to "draw a parallel" between Goldwater and Hitler, without the consent of Lyndon Johnson. Thus the publisher of an obscene little magazine in New York could not publicly question Goldwater's sanity in full-page ads without LBJ's consent to do so. I do not know whether such rules could be applied in the United States under the First Amendment, and I am not altogether sure that I would welcome their institution. But the British, who have had such a long experience with democracy, recognize that vile campaigns are the enemy of thoughtful political discourse. We do not seem to know that at all. We depend exclusively on the pressure of public fairmindedness to restrain such wanton rhetoric as is charging the air during this season.

I object to the hatred not only because I believe it traduces the democratic process, but because I think I know how wounding it is to an American, Goldwater, who knows the perils of clinging to a dissenting position, and who must quiver with hurt at the nature of the abuse that heedless men hurl against him. It is true, as President Truman said, that if you can't stand the heat, you should get out of the kitchen. But we do not, do we, want to make the kitchen so hot as to deny access to it to everyone except those calloused cretins who care not at all what their countrymen are urged to think about them, even to the point of comparing them with a Hitler or a Mussolini?

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2. *Campaign Reflections by a Family Magazine*

An inquiry to the *Saturday Evening Post* concerning the identity of its editorial writer yields a fascinating reply: his name is not available. Not only not available to rank outsiders, not available even to his colleagues on the *Post*. He is Mister X—not, one is told, even on the staff of the *Post*. He works elsewhere, for some other "publishing concern." It is extraordinary that the management of the *Post*, evidently short on editorial writing talent within its own house, should go out and conscript the vulgarian who wrote the blast this week against Senator Goldwater. If you have all the money in the world, and desire to serve up a feast for your guests but do not find your own cook equal to the task, it is hardly the thing to call in the garbage man.

The editorial writer in question disposes of those who favor the election of Senator Goldwater as though he had come fresh from Roget's *Thesaurus*, where he had spent the night under "Terms of Opprobrium." We are: 1) *"unenlightened,"* 2) *"irrational,"* 3) *"imprudent,"* 4) *"irresponsible,"* 5) *"fanatical,"* 6) *"fanatic,"* 7) *"saboteurs,"* 8) *"heedless,"* 9) *"reckless,"* 10) *"ill-mannered,"* 11) *"arrogant."* Goldwater himself is of course all these things, but in addition, he is *"a wild man, a stray, an unprincipled and ruthless political jujitsu artist"* like—no, not like Adolf Hitler—that was, as we have seen, last week's contribution to non-extremism by George Meany, Martin Luther King, and Emanuel Celler. (The *Saturday Evening Post*, as an agent of moderation, let it go at comparing Goldwater with "McCarthy.") In total disregard, one might as well notice, of Stewart Alsop's conclusion, published in the *Post* last fall, to the effect that whatever one might think of Senator Goldwater's positions, he is a man of decency, and total honesty.

The editorial in question serves as a *locus classicus* of anti-Goldwaterism during this campaign. There is very little thought in the editorial, but much else. It is, as we have seen, abusive. It is also historically inaccurate. *"It was clear from poll after poll, that the rank and file of Republican voters overwhelmingly preferred other leaders to Goldwater. It was equally clear that the fanatical Goldwater bias of a majority of convention delegates revealed the capture of the Republican Party by a new breed of so-called 'leaders' whose selection had been steam-rollered by extremist, well-heeled types."* Actually, it is a well-known fact that the delegates who nominated Goldwater did so because he was the clear choice of the Republican rank and file. He lost only two primary battles—fewer than Eisenhower lost in 1952. In the big battle in California he beat the *combined* opposition: Rockefeller, running with the support of Lodge and, inferentially, Romney, Scranton, and Nixon. Goldwater won more votes in the primary battles he engaged in than John Kennedy did four years earlier. One cannot be against Goldwater's nomination, and in favor of the democratic process at one and the same time.

The coarseness of the *Saturday Evening Post*'s analysis extends to its diction. There are rank grammatical mistakes: *"[Johnson] has acted with both forcefulness and restraint which is required in the man who controls the ultimate weapon . . ."*; garish syntactical inelegancies: *"Goldwater is a grotesque burlesque" . . . "[Goldwater] is seemingly congenitally unable";* similes whose meaning it takes a pickaxe to unearth: *"Goldwater's tongue is like quicksilver; his mind is like quicksand"* (what, pray, does that mean?). During the past decade we have in the United States *"strained every seam and fabric of our traditional habits."* What's that, "every fabric"? The metaphor is obstinately singular: a writer must be singularly deaf to pluralize it. *"[If Gold-*

More Voices of Moderation

Rev. Martin Luther King: "We see dangerous signs of Hitlerism in the Goldwater campaign. If Goldwater wins, I am absolutely convinced we will see the dark night of social disruption and such intensification of discontent and despair by Negroes that there is certain to be an outbreak of violence."

Postmaster General John Gronouski: "Those of us who have lived through Joe McCarthy . . . know what extremism is. We know what Sen. Goldwater is talking about. Extremism is hate and divisiveness. It is spitting on the Ambassador to the United Nations. It is labeling the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court a traitor and a Communist. . . . It is justification for turning dogs loose on demonstrators, or bombing churches, or pouring acid in swimming pools."

Arthur Ochs Sulzberger: "If it took a Hercules to clean out the Augean stable, it will take more than a powerful detergent to freshen up the Cow Palace. . . ."

President Lyndon B. Johnson: "You [United Steelworkers] know it takes a man who loves his country to build a house, instead of a raving, ranting demagogue who wants to tear down one."

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Focus on NOV. 3

◆ The news that notwithstanding all the excited talk on the matter, theater commanders have actually had, at least since 1957, authority to use nuclear weapons of certain types under certain circumstances, will do more for Goldwater than almost any conceivable development. It makes those who have been hollering at Goldwater as irresponsible and nuke-happy either hypocritical, or ignorant. In the case of leading Democrats, *e.g.*, Pastore of the Atomic Energy Commission, and LBJ himself, obviously hypocritical. They must have known that what Goldwater wants made *de jure,* has been *de facto* all this time.

◆ The foreign policy question ranks, rightly, at the top of the political dialogue, and the concomitant question of military preparedness is in for some professional treatment. Goldwater has convened a task force on "Peace Through Preparedness," which, by virtue of its membership, will be hard to ignore. Eisenhower's Defense Secretary, Neil McElroy, will be the chairman; other members are former Senator Prescott Bush, former Secretary of the Air Force and Deputy Secretary of Defense James Douglas, Congressman Gerald Ford of the House Defense Appropriations Subcommittee, former Comptroller of the Defense Department Wilfred McNeil, former chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff Admiral Arthur Radford (USN, Ret.), and former Air Force Chief of Staff and former chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff General Nathan Twining (USAF, Ret.).

◆ "Conversation at Gettysburg," a relaxed barnyard confab between Dwight Eisenhower and Barry Goldwater, telecast during thirty minutes of prime evening time, September 22, succeeded, almost at the price of blandness, in portraying Ike and Barry as jes plain good decent serious folks. Oratorical highpoints were Ike on the Democratic charge of Goldwater's nuclear warmongering: "This is actual tommyrot"; and Ike, again, on the diplomacy of calculated risk: "Brinkmanship is absolutely necessary . . . but it must be used intelligently." Eisenhower, on the question of morality in the White House, seemed to be laying the foundations of his own position in the campaign; if he, who since 1952 has been ensconced as a sort of Public Decency #1, should come forth to express perfectly bipartisan hope that the office of the Presidency must not be degraded by shoddy men—the point might carry a lot of weight.

◆ Congressman John Lindsay, the hope of New York's Liberal Republicans (see Robert Smith's political X-ray portrait, page 861), is plastering the 17th C.D. with posters blaring his name and record in red, white, and blue, but never, no never, anywhere, saying "Republican."

◆ The GOP is going to spend about $4 million on national television, but it won't get its money's worth unless people hear about the shows ahead of time. New York papers announced a thirty-minute broadcast by Dwight Eisenhower and Barry Goldwater in this fashion: "9:30, Channel 4, Republican Committee, paid." Period. A small additional investment in newspaper advertising would greatly multiply the effect of the television programs.

◆ There are signs that the GOP will gain support from blocs it has not counted heavily in its corner in the past: refugees from countries Moscow has conquered in the Cold War; Americans of (hard-working, thrifty) German descent; independent small businessmen (small enough not to be dependent on federal contracts); professional men; young marrieds. Besides the continental rearrangement of American politics this year (North-South, East-West), there's an internal reallocation of allegiances. They are unlikely to prove decisive this year, but could mean a great deal to succeeding elections.

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water is defeated] *the two-party system can be restored, and the voter will again have a choice, not a calamity.*" What? How can the voters "*have* a calamity"? Voters have views, dogs, and babies. Politically, they have a *choice.* Anti-Goldwaterites may deem it a choice between a beatific vision (LBJ) and calamity (Goldwater). But the voters don't, in Webster's world, *have* a calamity.

So it goes, and the time taken in textual analysis is well-spent when one considers not only the moral and the intellectual disarray of some of Goldwater's most unrestrained critics, but also their (derivative?) rhetorical disarray. What on earth can the publisher of the *Saturday Evening Post* be up to? If his strategic purpose is to appeal to President Johnson at some time in the future to declare the *Post* a Depressed Area, heaven knows the claim will henceforward be plausible. At such time we hope the relevant program of the Federal Government will provide the *Post* not merely with financiers, but also with moralists, logicians, and English teachers.

3. *The Defamation League Rides Again*

There appears on the scene—quite by accident, we are assured by Mr. Dore Schary, the Hollywood producer who is chairman of the sponsoring organization—a volume designed to encourage the American people to hysterical opposition to the candidacy of Senator Barry Goldwater. It is called *Danger on the Right,* and is written by Messrs. Arnold Forster and Benjamin Epstein and sponsored by the Anti-

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IN THE NEXT ISSUE

JOHN DOS PASSOS ON THE CAMPAIGN

Defamation League, an organization that is incorrectly assumed to be exclusively engaged in a legitimate pursuit of anti-Semitism ("Many Americans have the inaccurate impression that the Anti-Defamation League's sole concern is anti-Semitism," the authors candidly confess). The Anti-Defamation League is a devotedly left-wing organization which seeks to encourage a national march towards a sort of creeping socialism by the conventional expedient of defaming all persons, groups, businesses, parties, enterprises and movements which take a differing view of what is best for America.

For many years the Anti-Defamation League found it profitable to impute anti-Semitism to practically all those who disagreed with its highly articulated ideas on everything from civil rights to progressive education. Arthur Garfield Hays, a prominent Jewish lawyer and director of the American Civil Liberties Union, said many years ago that he considered the ADL as among the principal professional defamers in the country. The League's activities, in a word, have for many years been controversial not only among the ranks of those people who seek other ends for America than it does, but also among certain Liberals who are appalled at the ADL's methods for advancing its aims.

The organization, for instance, is tax-exempt, and is not, under its charter, supposed to engage in partisan political activities. The release of the present volume was done with elaborate circumlocution designed to convince the innocent—those who take the ADL at face value—that its release at this time had nothing to do with the forthcoming election. But the hypocrisy was too much even for so devoted a consumer of its message as the *Tribune* of New York, which heralds any publication that suggests that the Goldwater movement is extremist and dangerous as though it were a freshly discovered Dead Sea Scroll. The reporter at the press conference observed that "Mr. Schary's press conference guests appeared unconvinced that the volume's appearance now was simply coincidental. Had anyone thought of withholding publication until after the election? 'The question did arise,' said Mr. Schary, 'but withholding might have appeared to support [Mr. Goldwater]. We wouldn't have wanted that.' " No indeed. "From his own point of view," the dispatch continued to quote Mr. Schary, "he said a moment later, he expected Sen. Goldwater to lose and he hoped that this would be accompanied by 'atomization of the radical right.' "

What is the book's thesis? Well, there are three categories to the dangerous Right. The first is the so-called Rabble-Rousing Right (*e.g.*, Gerald L. K. Smith). The second is the Radical Right (*e.g.*, Robert Welch). The third is the Extreme Conservative (*e.g.*, me). Now, they are very sharply to be distinguished from one another, say the authors for the record. It is wrong to confuse the categories. But it is also wrong to unconfuse the categories. For instance: (p. 247) Buckley's "onslaught" against the forces of progress in education—his book, *God and Man at Yale*—"was diligently promoted by the habitués of the Right, all the way from the Near to the Far, including some on the anti-Semitic extremist fringe. This was not, of course, Buckley's fault; he is no anti-Semite and will have no truck with anti-Jewish bigotry." But—notice that Buckley's book was supported by the rabble-rousers and radicals. Remember that.

"Dore Schary chalked an arrow on the blackboard," wrote the reporter. " 'That's the political center,' he said, 'and here'—he drew a line close to it—'is the limit of conservatism.'

"Then he lined out a section for 'extreme conser-

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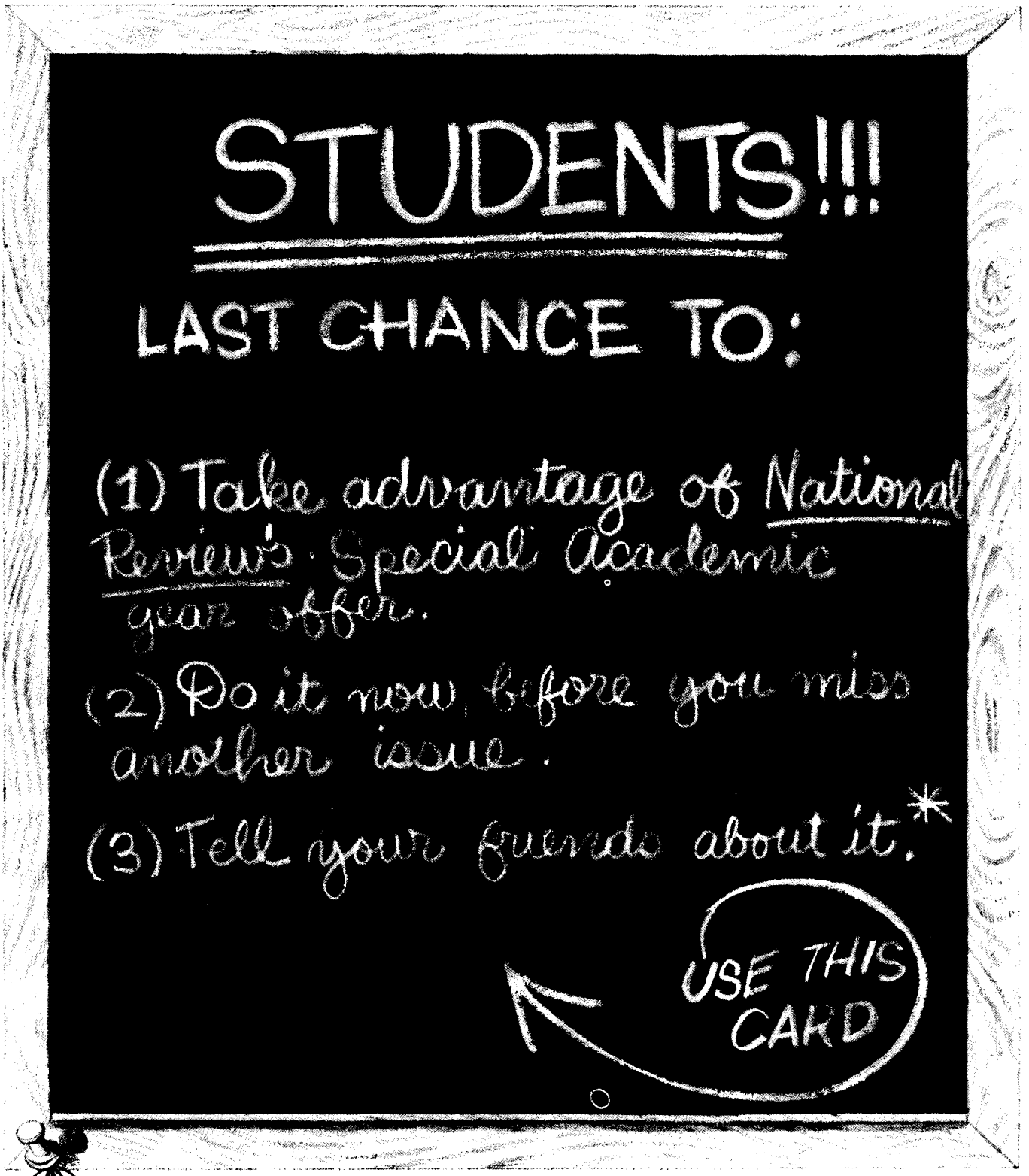
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vatism' and another for the 'radical right' and a final one for the 'rabble-rousing right.'

"At what point, someone asked, did the Anti-Defamation League . . . consider that the right wing became dangerous?

" 'After the first line,' said Mr. Schary. 'The extreme conservatives.' "

Well, how does one define an extreme conservative?

"Extreme conservatives consider American domestic policy 'socialistic and dangerous,' and foreign policy as 'prone to softness and appeasement.' But unlike the radical right, they 'generally do not tend to ascribe the alleged socialism and softness to any plot in high places, but rather to blindness, stupidity and bungling on the part of four Presidents and their Liberal advisers.' " And hark the worst crime of the extreme conservatives. "Extreme conservatives," the book says on page 175, "may deplore Birch Society charges but not its followers. They are frequently quoted as saying that the Birch Society includes many 'good Americans.' "

Now it is true that extreme conservatives believe that we are embarked on the road to socialism. That makes Norman Thomas an extreme conservative. He believes we are doing just exactly that, has often said so and—unlike the conservatives—rejoices in the fact. And that we have unnecessarily appeased the Communists? That is the judgment of, for instance, George Meany and Sidney Hook, respectively a Liberal and a socialist. Are they therefore extreme conservatives?

Is it "dangerous" or "extremist" to say that a number of members of the John Birch Society are "good" Americans? Who will document the ungoodness of,

Ben Roth Agency

"Not yet—wait until they finish it."

say, Ezra Taft Benson? Or of Clarence Manion? Or Spruille Braden? One may join with those who regret their affiliation with a Society while its head is Robert Welch, just as one must regret affiliation with the Teamsters' Union while its head is Jimmy Hoffa: but are all truck drivers bad Americans? And all members of the John Birch Society?

How easy it is to play the ADL's game. One could with equal justification say: the Left in America is divided into roughly three parts: The Rabble-Rousing Left (*e.g.*, the Communists), the Radical Left (*e.g.*, the ADA, etc.), and the Extreme Liberals (*e.g.*, most Democrats). The Democrats believe in medicare—and so do the ADA and the Communists. Ergo, the Democrats are incestuously involved with the other two; are dangerous; are anti-democratic; are radically-inclined; are . . . The Democrats have refused to denounce all the people who vote for Adam Clayton Powell Jr., a radical extremist; or all the people who have joined organizations whose leaders are Communists. Members of Communist-front organizations are allowed to attain high posts in government organizations, *e.g.*, Norman Redlich, member of the Emergency Civil Liberties group, and an assistant counsel to the Warren Commission. . . .

So it goes. It could be put down to routine partisan dirt—and will be, by intelligent members of the community. What makes it rankle is all that self-inflated rhetoric which promotes this book as an essay in anti-defamation.

How to Read the Warren Report

By the time you read this, the report of the Warren Commission will have been made public, or at least the 10,000-word summary of the 300,000-word digest of the 20-odd volumes of the Commission record.

1. What are the facts of Oswald's tour of Russia? Did he know his wife Marina's uncle, the Lt. Colonel in the Red Army? Was this Lt. Colonel in military intelligence? Was Oswald, or Marina, approached or recruited for intelligence assignments by a Soviet intelligence agency, or by the FBI, or by the CIA? How did Oswald, the unabashed defector, persuade the U.S. Government to pay the return fare to the U.S. for himself and his wife? Why did the Soviet Union permit Marina to leave?

2. Were there exactly three shots fired at 12:30 p.m., November 22? Were they all fired from the sixth floor of the Texas School Book Depository? Was there a bullet-hole in the windshield of JFK's limousine? Was the hole in JFK's throat an entry wound?

3. Was there adequate security liaison between the FBI, the Secret Service, and the Dallas police? Did any or all of the security forces know that Oswald was in Dallas? Why were not all the buildings along the cavalcade route secured?

4. Did Oswald know Jack Ruby? Was there anything in Ruby's background, beyond the coincidence of his Russian ancestry and his reported trip to Cuba, to suggest a motive, other than self-righteous passion, for the murder of Oswald? Did Ruby know the slain Patrolman J. D. Tippitt? Did Tippitt know Oswald?

5. What was the exact nature of Oswald's relation-

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ship to the Fair Play for Cuba Committee and with Castro's Cuba?

Full and unequivocal answers to these questions, together with the FBI report, an unabridged hearing record, and the transcribed conversations of the Dallas police with Oswald before his death will discharge the Commission's historic obligation, and slow —though never stop—the rumors of those who profiteer from such tragedies as that of Nov. 22.

Sonnet to Mrs. Gunning

Mrs. Rosemary Gunning, principal spokesman for PAT (Parents and Taxpayers Committee), announced today that one quarter million students joined the two-day boycott to protest the busing of students to schools outside the neighborhood. —News item.

O thou who, while the judges thunder "yes"
Do trumpet back a matriarchal NO.
Halloa! When we wallowed, rudderless,
You took the tiller like an Eskimo.
Like blonde Brunhilde, rampant on the Rhine,
You mobilized a mighty incubus
To squat upon the Superintendent's spine
Until he disavows the beastly bus.
Go to it, Mrs. Gunning! Though I'm just
An inarticulate, withdrawing male,
I revel when the Mayor is non-plussed;
I chortle when the Governor turns pale.
If mothers can bring mayors to their knees,
Perhaps there's hope for us majorities.

W. H. VON DREELE

Sean O'Casey RIP

If he had not been an Irishman, Sean O'Casey, who died September 18 at the age of 84, could not have got away with it. You can't be against *everything* without becoming ridiculous, unless you were born in Ireland, with a fifteen-hundred-year rebel tradition to sustain you. He was against his parents and teachers and the cops; against Ireland's church and the Protestant church he happened to be born into; against the Abbey Theater that made *Juno and the Paycock* and *The Plough and the Stars* and himself famous; against Ireland itself, which he abandoned in a dudgeon thirty-eight years ago (last winter he refused permission to the Irish Pavilion at the New York World's Fair to use a recorded reading from his plays); and he declared himself against the whole world by calling himself a "Communist," though he understood little enough of what that meant and never attempted to learn. But O'Casey continued to the end, like a true Irishman, to like passionate men and women and wild or comic action and the beautiful sights of the world, and to want to write them down. He wanted to strongly enough to spend a quarter of a century, with all an Irishman's ego, on the six rambling volumes of his own autobiography. Not very intelligent, in truth, or responsibly informed; hardly the man to take for model to the young in this age of crisis. And yet, in the shadow of Leviathan, it is a cold spirit indeed that is not warmed a bit in reading what O'Casey wrote not long before his death: "Hardship in my young days taught me how to fight hard, for if that characteristic wasn't developed then, it meant that one became either a slave or a lick-spittle. So I learned how to resist all aggressive attempts to make me a docile one. . . ."

Notes and Asides

On June 30, 1964, NATIONAL REVIEW published a jocular note, as follows: "The Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, having taken over a bankrupt private bank, is embarrassed by one of its new assets: a mortgage on a bordello out West. (The Westward-Ho House, mebbe?)" No slur was intended on any of the various hotels or motels or inns actually named Westward Ho, needless to say.

IN THIS ISSUE

(Continued from p. 845)

➔ **Auberon Waugh,** the young novelist, slogged through C. P. Snow's latest political novel, and all but recommends, as a preferable alternative, nuclear death. Apart from being boring, says Mr. Waugh, "Snow's message —that all sensible people believe Britain should renounce its independent deterrent—is disputable. Quite apart from the need to own a bomb with which to threaten and, in the last resort, to blow up the French, I should like to think that possession of the Bomb is in itself an edifying exercise, just as mediaeval scholars used to keep skulls on their desks to remind them of Mortality." It wouldn't take a paternity suit to track down that man's father, would it? . . . **George Morgenstern,** editorial writer for the *Chicago Tribune* and author of one of the first and best revisionist books on Pearl Harbor, reviews engrossingly William Neumann's *America Encounters Japan: From Perry to MacArthur.* . . . Professor **Guy Davenport** reviews a book by Louis and Celia Zukofsky on Wm. Shaxper, born four hundred years ago. . . . **John F. Kiley,** a professor of philosophy and better known to *NR* readers as Johannes Eff, maker of crazy-verse that sings, reviews a book on the history of the Spanish Civil War. . . . And **Francis Russell,** who was recently in the news after discovering a couple hundred letters from President Warren Harding to his mistress, writes engagingly about a recent trip to Sweden. ➔

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From WASHINGTON Straight

Senate Shift

► Senator Strom Thurmond has moved his seat across the aisle to the Republican side of the Senate chamber. He did so, primarily, to dramatize his support for Barry Goldwater's Presidential candidacy. But, to many candid observers, Thurmond's relocation was a symbolic event: symbolic, first, of the birth of a genuine two-party South, and, second, of a shift in the Senate's ideological center of gravity sure to be ratified when the class of '64 takes its seats next January.

In the past several years, the Senate has been decidedly the more Liberal of the two houses of the Congress. The 88th Congress has amply demonstrated this. The surprising ease with which the anti-poverty bill got through the Senate, the precedent-breaking cloture vote on civil rights, the acceptance of medicare, and the current refusal to rebuke the Supreme Court for its reapportionment rulings, come to mind as immediate examples.

The GOP, and most especially its conservative wing, has an excellent chance of capturing several seats now held by Liberal Democrats, while holding its losses to a bare minimum. Sen. Stephen Young (D., Ohio) looks like a loser. He has had the misfortune of standing in the way of Robert (Young Bob) Taft's career, and seems ineluctably destined for retirement. Another GOP glamor boy, ex-Oklahoma football coach Bud Wilkinson, is expected to win over state senator Fred Harris, the aggressive young heir to the machine of the late Sen. Robert Kerr. Harris thrashed the incumbent, Howard Edmondson, in the Democratic primary.

In the West

► In the Rocky Mountain states, GOP hopes are rising almost daily. The Senate class of '58 which is up for re-election this year was notorious for its freak campaigns. Nowhere were these campaigns more freakish than in Wyoming, Utah and Nevada. In Wyoming Gale McGee was elected senator by a margin of 2,000 votes out of well over 100 thousand cast. Republican hopefuls have tripped over themselves trying to get at him this year. Former Republican state chairman John Wold has won the privilege.

In Utah in 1958 Frank Moss was elected senator with less than 40 per cent of the total vote, as two conservative Republicans split the conservative majority. The electoral laws governing senate races have since been changed, and the Republicans now have one candidate in the field: Dr. Ernest Wilkinson, the articulate President of Brigham Young University. Says one Republican National Committee official: "If we can't beat Moss, I quit, and I'm not speaking figuratively."

In Nevada, Sen. Howard Cannon is in trouble. Cannon attracted some interest during the first Senate Rules Committee investigation of the Bobby Baker case by acting as if he had something to hide. A photograph, which seems destined to find its way around Nevada, strengthens this impression: it pictures a grinning Cannon at the opening of Bobby Baker's posh motel, dressed in Hawaiian-print swimming trunks. Cannon is opposed by Nevada Lt. Gov. Paul Laxalt, who won in 1962 against a Democratic sweep.

Republican chances against McGee, Moss and Cannon are good, and getting better. This fact has been duly recognized by the Council for a Livable World, the left-wing lobby which takes credit for the victory of Sen. George McGovern in South Dakota two years ago. The Council has given McGee's campaign a financial assist; Moss will also receive help, and possibly Cannon, underlining the importance of these races to the Left.

And Elsewhere

► Other possible breakthroughs: Thomas Kleppe has a good chance of beating Sen. Quentin Burdick in North Dakota. (North Dakota has a longstanding tradition of straight-ticket voting in Presidential years.) Kleppe, former Mayor of Bismarck, is a Goldwater man, and will probably share the fate of the national ticket. In Indiana, GOP candidate Russell Bontrager, opposing incumbent Sen. Vance Hartke, will probably go as the Goldwater-Miller ticket goes.

On the positive side, then, the GOP has a good chance of replacing seven Liberal Democrats with seven conservative Republicans. Further, GOP hopefuls Mrs. Elly Peterson in Michigan and George Bush in Texas are waging surprisingly exciting campaigns against incumbents and must be given a chance.

On the negative side, four seats now held by the GOP appear extremely vulnerable: Keating of New York, Beall of Maryland, Fong of Hawaii and Mechem of New Mexico. Significantly, *only Mechem is a conservative.* Keating has run into the Kennedy blitz. Beall is opposed—in a Democratic year in Maryland, they say—by the handsome profile of young Joe Tydings, charming son of former Sen. Millard Tydings. Fong is having trouble with the labor unions. And Mechem is opposed by red-hot Liberal Rep. Joseph Motoya, another recipient of Council for a Livable World favors. Mechem appears to have the best chance of the four (although both Keating and Fong could return with luck). Mechem has been Governor of New Mexico four times; it is a Democratic state, and his long string of victories make him something of a legend.

The message for this November is clear. In 1958, 25 Democrats and nine Republicans were returned to the Senate. Of those 34 seats, thirteen are now in danger of being captured by the "out" party. Nine of these seats are now held by Democrats, four by Republicans. Only one of the four Republican seats would be regarded as an ideological loss to conservatives. Articulate conservatives are challenging for all nine of the seats now on the Democratic side of the aisle.

—CATO

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Destiny's Tot

Manhattan Republicans are sending to Congress a man who specializes in providing the Democrats with their margin of victory

ROBERT G. SMITH

The 17th ("Silk Stocking") Congressional District of New York stretches northward up Manhattan Island from Greenwich Village to the southern fringes of Harlem, encompassing in its sweep the spectacular midtown skyscrapers and the opulent array of luxury apartment houses and fashionable brownstones that constitute New York's fabled "East Side." Here—thanks partly to the artful gerrymandering of a solicitous Republican legislature—Republicanism of a sort still has a formidable purchase in the heart of New York City.

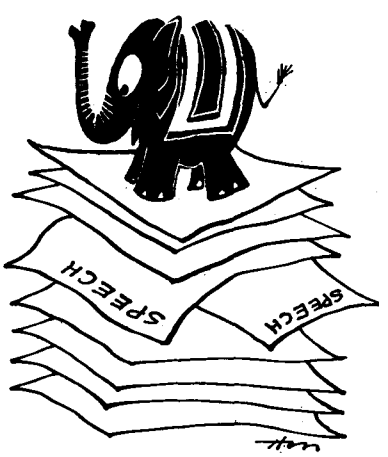
"Of a sort," because the Republican Congressman who for six years has represented this glamorous district in Washington is known to his colleagues, with reason, as "the Golden Boy of the Liberal Establishment." Conservatives should mark him well, for he plans to become President of the United States.

His name is John V. Lindsay, and even his worst enemy would concede that, at 43, he looks the part of a Cecil B. DeMille President. Well over six feet tall, he has almost classically Grecian features, topped with a shock of curly blond hair. The eyes are level, grey and mirthless, and the smile (if any) may strike the hypersensitive as half-hearted or even synthetic; but perhaps his humorlessness (for that is what it amounts to) befits one accustomed to brooding over the state of the nation.

What Nature began, Lady Luck triumphantly completed. Lindsay was educated at St. Paul's School and Yale, served in the Navy in World War II, took his degree at Yale, married a fellow member of the Social Register, and settled down to practice with a small but terribly blue-chip Wall Street law firm. By 1952 he had been elected President of the New York Young Republican Club, and caught the eye of Herbert Brownell—the master politician who had managed Thomas Dewey's Presidential campaigns and was even then busy doing as much for Dwight D. Eisenhower. Lindsay slid naturally into the Brownell orbit, watched the older man become Eisenhower's Attorney General, and in 1955 went to Washington to serve as Brownell's Executive Assistant and personal right-hand man. When he returned to New York in 1957, ostensibly to resume his law practice, his real objective was the 17th Congressional District seat. In 1958, with the massive aid of the *Times* and *Tribune* and his admirers in the New York Young Republican Club, Lindsay easily trounced the regular organization's lackluster designee and went on to win the general election.

Spear-Carriers

It was in Congress that Lindsay-the-Liberal really hit his stride. From the outset of his service, he assumed the leadership of a small bloc of young Northeastern Republican Congressmen who specialize in providing the Democrats with the margin of victory in close votes. The principal spear-carriers in John Lindsay's private army of crypto-Democrats are: Charles Mathias Jr. of Maryland, Bradford Morse of Massachusetts, Abner Sibal of Connecticut, Stanley Tupper of Maine, Robert Stafford of Vermont and Ogden Reid of New York. From time to time they are joined by others: most notably Silvio Conte of Massachusetts and Fred Schwengel of Iowa, two older (and one would have thought wiser) men who evidently enjoy weaving themselves into doormats for Lindsay—conceivably on the theory that he will reward them with Cabinet appointments when the great day comes.



There are, to be sure, other ardent Liberals among the House Republicans: Halpern and Fino of New York, Corbett and Fulton of Pennsylvania, and virtually the entire delegation from New Jersey, to name a few. But they do not, in general, take their orders from John Lindsay. And it is pre-eminently Lindsay and his troops who, as a bloc, do the deadly and essential work of the House Democratic leadership.

A few illustrations from Lindsay's own record—a record that would surprise thousands of loyal Republicans in his own district.

Perhaps the most crucial House vote in recent years occurred in 1961, when by the razor-thin margin of 217 to 212 Speaker Rayburn—acting on behalf of the newly-elected President Kennedy—packed the conservative-dominated Rules Committee with enough additional Liberals to insure that key Liberal measures would not be sidetracked by the Committee. Lindsay voted for the packing—along with just 21 other Republicans. The rest (148) opposed it.

In the second session (1962) of the 87th Congress, a bill was before the House authorizing and appropriating $100,000,000 for the purchase of UN bonds. The House Republican leadership moved to bar such loans until the UN Assembly had adopted the

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opinion of the World Court on the financial obligations of members. The effort failed (171-219)—thanks to 26 Republicans who crossed the aisle to back Kennedy. Guess who was among them.

In the second session of the 88th Congress (1964) the House Republicans and their Southern allies (the latter led by Rep. Otto Passman) made a valiant attempt to reduce the foreign aid appropriation. Thanks to Lindsay and 22 fellow Liberals in the GOP, they were unsuccessful; the cut of $248 million proposed by Congressman Passman failed, 198-208.

Finally, also this year, the Republicans moved to amend the 1965 Agriculture Appropriation bill to prohibit subsidies on agricultural products shipped to Communist nations. By a single excruciating vote they failed (186-187)—because five Republicans joined 182 Democrats in voting Nay. One of the five was John Lindsay.

In fact, a recent study of 45 key votes during the last four years in which Liberal Republicans supplied the Democratic Party with the margin of victory in the House shows that *Lindsay helped the Democrats over the top on 31 separate occasions*—a record exceeded only by his ultra-Liberal New York colleague, Rep. Seymour Halpern (34), and not even approached by any other Republican in Congress, including the other members of his own cabal.

When pressed on this subject, Lindsay is likely to point with voluble pride to various bills—"Republican bills," he will say triumphantly—that he has helped to sponsor or pass. But, realistically speaking, only such "Republican bills" pass the House these days as the Democratic leadership is willing to support, or at least not oppose—in a word, non-controversial legislation. One such bill, about which Lindsay waxed eloquent during a recent radio debate, was a proposal to glorify Fire Island, a beach resort favored by deviates, by proclaiming it a National Seashore Park. It may have been a meritorious bill—certainly it got bi-partisan support—but it can hardly be weighed in the same scales as Lindsay's crucial and immensely damaging votes on committee-packing and foreign aid.

Lindsay's record on other bills, on which he was not privileged to provide the Democrats with the margin of victory, is equally Liberal. He co-sponsored with Congressman James Roosevelt a bill to abolish the House Committee on Un-American Activities. He was one of only two members of the House in either party to vote against the banning of Communist junk mail. In recent years he has voted *against* stronger references to the Monroe Doctrine in the Congressional resolution on Cuba, *against* extension of the Sedition Act to Americans abroad, *for* the abolition of loyalty procedures in defense industries and *against* banning morally offensive mail.

ADA Rating

For such services to the cause of Liberalism, the most recent vote survey of the ultra-Liberal Americans for Democratic Action (co-founder: Hubert Humphrey) awards John Lindsay a rating of 87 per cent —roughly the equivalent of the Croix de Guerre with Palm.

Out of Congress as in it, Lindsay has kept steadfastly to his ultra-Liberal course. He is one of the few Republicans (indeed, one of the minority of Congressmen in either party) who refuse to sign the annual statement by the Committee of One Million opposing admission of Red China to the UN. He has publicly expressed sympathy for SANE. He has come out against an amendment to permit prayer in the public schools. He has recently joined the new Liberal attack on the CIA, seeking (in an article in *Esquire*) to blame it for Kennedy's Bay of Pigs fiasco. No civil rights bill, including the one just passed, has ever been enough for John Lindsay, and he is on record as favoring the Princeton Plan for inter-neighborhood schooling (though he sends his own children to private schools in heavily-integrated Washington).

What is it that makes this man, far more than most of his like-minded colleagues, an odds-on contender for the national leadership of Liberal Republicanism in the next decade? Certainly it is not his personality; because—apart from indisputable good looks—he has few of the familiar qualities of a leader: wit, daring, imagination, or even oratorical skill. His speaking style verges on a youthful pomposity, and not even his acolytes would claim for him the ability to inflame the *canaille*.

Rather he is the product of an almost too-perfect set of circumstances: an impeccable background, a glossy foreground, the able quarterbacking of Herbert Brownell, and the impassioned advocacy of the *New York Times* and *Herald Tribune*. These may seem inadequate attributes to qualify a man for the higher slopes of power, but one must never forget that Lindsay's base is New York City—for all its critics, still indisputably the premier energumen of the American society. From his seat in Congress the road beckons on to Albany, where the Governorship itself lies invitingly open if Rockefeller does not run for re-election in 1966. Beyond that . . . well, one of Lindsay's campaign posters this year modestly proclaims him "The District's Pride—The Nation's Hope."

Across such glittering prizes as these falls the shadow of the Conservative Party of New York, which has assigned top priority to Lindsay's defeat for any offices he seeks—and which in fact is running its own former state chairman, Kieran O'Doherty, against Lindsay this fall in the 17th Congressional District.

In addition, at both state and national levels, Lindsay now faces the implacable hostility of the many friends of Barry Goldwater, whose throat Lindsay has done his savage best to cut in the weeks since San Francisco. Lindsay has not only associated himself with the far-out Liberals like Keating, Javits and Case in refusing to endorse Goldwater; he has broadly hinted (much worse, in the arcane field of professional politics) that he will not even vote for the man. This presently endears him to the *New York Times;* but a day may come when he will look with envy on other ambitious young men, such as Charles Percy of Illinois and Robert Taft Jr. of Ohio, who voted for Goldwater at San Francisco.

All in all, his best—indeed, his only—course may be to wait. In the words of a jovial fellow Congressman (a conservative Republican) who passed the lean and hungry Lindsay in a Capitol corridor recently: "Cheer up, John. If Liberalism ever comes back in the Republican Party, you're in."

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The Third World War

How de Gaulle Sees Things

JAMES BURNHAM

In his last press conference (July 23) President de Gaulle discussed Vietnam: "It must be said that the existence of a Communist state in Tonkin, from where our troops withdrew conforming to the [1954 Geneva] agreements, and then also withdrawal of our administration and troops from the South, exposed the country to new perils.

Burnham

"It was then that the Americans arrived, with their aid, their policy. The Americans at the time assumed everywhere in the world, believed themselves invested with, the burden of defense against Communism. . . .

"I believe that one may add, without offending our American friends, that their conviction that they were fulfilling a sort of vocation, and also their aversion to all colonial activity which was not their own, and finally the very natural desire in such a powerful people to take up new positions, all this determined them to take over Indochina from France."

That last paragraph is Gaullese of the finest vintage.

Consider first the patronizing contempt of "without offending our American friends"—gawky adolescent boobies that they are—followed by the cold irony of "their conviction that they were fulfilling a sort of vocation." The commitment to resist Communism is no more than "a *sort* of vocation"—like anti-vivisection or stamp collecting. That is: Communism is not to be taken seriously.

Skip it: "the very natural desire in such a powerful people to take up new positions." For it is nations and peoples (and races) that are history's significant counters; and, though Americans are ignorant, unliked and naive, as a nation and people they are young and vigorous. Therefore, from an inner élan as natural as the impulse driving a healthy young man toward a mate, they seek more land, wealth and power. Naturally too, then, they are averse to "all colonial activity" *unless* it is their own. Thus the only serious meaning, in the Gaullist frame of reference, of American intervention in Southeast Asia: "to take over Indochina from France."

The Gaullist Logic

De Gaulle's words in these theatrical press conferences are not the ghost-written platitudes we are accustomed to from our own leaders, but the precise expression of deeply pondered principles. And de Gaulle carries through the logic of his ideas with all the Euclidean rigor of Port Royal and the *Discourse on Method.*

While Western Europe lies prostrate from the war and Russia looms as a continuous threat, France can be protected only by the might of the nuclear-armed North American giant. But if military security depends on another, then the political dominance of the other must be accepted; it follows, B from A. Therefore an American-led NATO, American SACEUR, Pentagon-dictated strategy, American influence over the Common Market, American leadership in the UN, the dollar as basic world currency.

But when Europe has recovered and the two nuclear giants reach a stand-off, Western Europe, and France most particularly, get back freedom of maneuver. The first and crucial step must be to break away from the U.S., precisely because subordination to the U.S. has been the controlling factor in French affairs.

Therefore a cutting of the Common Market's "Anglo-Saxon" tie; a crash program to develop an independent French nuclear arm; an independent posture of the French military toward NATO; an independent French course in the UN; an anti-U.S. policy in the International Monetary Fund, etc.

And most specifically: therefore an altogether independent French policy toward the Communist nations. If France has a chance to get Cuban trade and influence once dominated by the U.S., why not? But Castro is a Communist? Communism is not serious. If Moscow and Washington are coming together bilaterally, and Moscow is having trouble with Peking, then why not a Paris-Peking rapprochement? But Moscow . . . ? Communism, keep in mind, is not serious. De Gaulle is not in the least pro-Chinese. He would shift his Peking orientation in an hour, if the global equation altered. In fact, there is reason to think he sees it, even today, primarily as a lever to use on Moscow, looking toward a revival of the old Franco-Russian entente in the perspective of "Europe from the Atlantic to the Urals."

The Paris-Peking Axis

Meanwhile one should not underestimate the ruthlessness of de Gaulle's logic. Paris has entered into détente with Peking; and therefore France and China are committed to practical collaboration on a global scale. The most sensitive area in which this is currently manifest is Vietnam. French and Chinese activities—propaganda, diplomacy, operations of local agents—converge on common objectives: throw out the Americans; convoke an international conference including Communist China; establish a neutralist regime. All along, Vietnamese exile groups have been sheltered in Paris. Just a few days ago, Tran Van Huu, an exile in Paris who heads a "Committee for Peace and Revival for South Vietnam," emerged as instigator of neutralizing talks in Cambodia. Undoubtedly French activities have helped speed the headlong disintegration of the U.S.-Khanh anti-Communist position.

As de Gaulle began his fabulous Latin American tour, the State Department did its usual whistling in the dark: welcoming de Gaulle's presence in the Americas because "it will help mobilize opinion against Castro." How ridiculous! De Gaulle's message, from one Latin to others, will be to forget U.S. hysteria about Castro's *soi-disant* Communism and get back to dealing with Cuba. Communism is not serious. And de Gaulle is. Mistaken, but deadly serious.

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Special Report

Should Tenure Go?

C. MICHAEL CURTIS

Tufts University, a small (enrollment 1,600) but ambitious liberal arts institution in Medford, Mass., likes to think it is on the "threshold" of academic distinction. One way a university achieves academic distinction is by attracting to its faculty men whose writings and research command the respect of professional colleagues and draw to their campus students who hope to profit from their professors' collective reputation. The "publish or perish" dictum, with all its vague particulars, has arisen out of this instinct for celebrity, and its regular victims are junior faculty members either unwilling or unable to win a reputation for scholarly publication.

The most celebrated recent symbol of the "publish or perish" controversy is 45-year-old Woodrow Wilson Sayre, an assistant professor of philosophy at Tufts, an accomplished mountain climber and the author of a recently published book describing the efforts of a party under his direction to scale Mt. Everest. Sayre, who had been teaching at Tufts for seven years, was informed by Arts College Dean Charles S. Stearns in October 1963 that his contract would not be renewed at the end of the academic year. "We are satisfied that you have been effective in the classroom," the note said, but "we are frankly disappointed that the promise of scholarly contribution has not materialized."

The Principle

The ensuing squabble over the "publish or perish" dictum has tended to obscure another issue, perhaps of equal importance, that is also symbolized by the Sayre case. Sayre did not have tenure. Reappointment would have given it to him. Tufts was obliged, then, to give Sayre a lifetime job, or let him go. It was, as a consequence, the principle of tenure as much as Sayre's iconoclasm, which led to his dismissal, and it is the principle of tenure which has obliged Tufts, and other universities, to end their sponsorship of academic careers which have not, after six or seven years, shown the promise of scholarly fruit to come.

The problem of deciding what constitutes adequate or promising scholarly production lies wholly with university administrators and senior faculty members; the question of tenure is controlled by far less flexible standards. As laid down, in 1940, by the American Association of University Professors, the principle of tenure is clear-cut: "After the expiration of a probationary period, teachers . . . should have permanent or continuous tenure, and their service should be terminated only for adequate cause, except in the case of retirement for age, or under extraordinary circumstances because of financial exigencies." The "probationary period" referred to "should not exceed seven years."

The AAUP goes on to outline the procedures recommended in cases of firing "for cause" and these procedures are roughly in line with the due process principles of the American legal system.

Tenure was conceived as a means to two specified ends: academic freedom, and job security. The first, because American universities originated as essentially non-secular institutions, often intolerant of faculty members who espoused dissenting, or simply secular views; the second, because university professors were traditionally underpaid, enjoyed no retirement or other welfare benefits, and were frankly in need of economic protection.

The American university, and its professors, have come a long way since 1940 and there is good reason to question the necessity or even advisability of the tenure system as it continues to be observed. University professors, while still less handsomely rewarded than their opposite numbers in industry, are well past the stage of marginal subsistence. Beginning salaries at most universities and colleges are well above the $6,000 level, and the average faculty wage at most of these institutions is at least $10,000. Additional income, from summer school teaching, consulting fees, and textbook royalties, raises the base figure by at least a third. The institutionalization of retirement programs and other benefits give the academic an economic security he could not have anticipated 25 years ago. In short, it is doubtful that tenure continues to be meaningful as a financial incentive or even protection for most university faculty members.

The competition for outstanding teachers is intense, and even the barely adequate candidates have a fairly broad basis for selection. Tenure, however, serves to protect the inadequate, unproductive faculty member. Even the best universities are saddled with incompetents who manage to behave, keep their grade books audited, and their students infuriated, bored, and frequently cheated of the instruction for which they are paying a fancy price.

An Artificial Choice

Tenure is more defensible as a protection for academic freedom, but it may not be needed. It is not clear that tenure does any more than add formal procedural steps to the business of disposing of heretics. These procedural steps could be required without the imposition of tenure, and undoubtedly should be. The chief difficulty with tenure is that it imposes an artificial and arbitrary choice upon a system which thrives upon improvisation and freedom from restraint. Younger faculty members are obliged to conduct themselves during the first six years of their employment as if the Sword of Damocles dangled over their heads.

Without the tenure system and the decisions it makes necessary, Professor Sayre might still be delighting his students with the philosophy of mountain climbing, and his colleagues might still be muttering in their sleep about his reluctance to tackle the intricacies of symbolic logic. The decision which was made would not have been mandatory, as it was, and the oversimplified ethic of "publish or perish" might be consigned to the limbo where it belongs.

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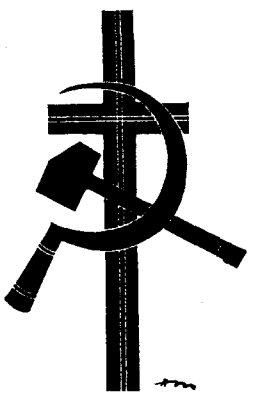
Religion in the Soviet Union

Religious freedom in the Soviet Union? It's a hoax, says the author, who maintains the decades-long war is being pressed more bitterly than ever

JOSEF PANOWSKI

How many people realize that religious persecution in the Soviet Union today has increased ever since the end of the 1950s? As a matter of fact, it almost seems that Stalin, an ex-seminarian, had a relatively soft spot for the Eastern Church somewhere in the deepest recesses of his sinister heart. The masters of the Kremlin today are more rational than Stalin, more pragmatic, more purposeful and probably even more convinced of the inevitable victory of Communism than Stalin ever was. It should never be forgotten that Nikita Khrushchev and his cohorts *are* convinced Communists: they are not Russian nationalists who merely "use" the ideology to undermine the West; they are cynical only in their strategy and tactics, not in their basic beliefs. According to the Communist timetable the advent of Communism (replacing the present Socialism) is to take place by 1980—in other words, in the not too distant future. According to plan, all "survivals of capitalism and the bourgeois order" are to be liquidated by that time . . . and religion figures prominently in that category. Religion, moreover, is the only systematic ideology in the Soviet Union—besides Communism—which finds concrete and, in a way, public expression. It is molested, derided, combated and openly persecuted by the Communist government. Why then, one could ask, has the Soviet Union shown such apparent tolerance toward the clergy and the laity of the several faiths in the USSR? To which one answer is that about 70 or 80 per cent of Soviet Christians have lost their faith. This may even be a conservative estimate. The lack of a systematic Christian education, the constant propaganda, the never-ending stream of sarcasm, the ever-decreasing opportunities for worship, the real dangers connected with professing one's religion publicly—all have contributed to a steady shrinking of religious convictions. What has survived spiritually is a hard core. There is, no doubt, also a connection between the stepping up of anti-religious propaganda, isolated acts of brutality and the fact that the Soviet authorities feel unable to reduce that remaining core by "natural means."

Two things stand in the way of a mortal blow at religion: uneasiness about public opinion in the West and reaction on foreign Communist parties. The Kremlin, specifically, is afraid of unduly irritating the Roman Catholic Church with her far-flung connections. It is obvious that in the last eighteen months the Kremlin has made calculated efforts to convince Rome that "you can do business" wtih the Soviet Union. Thirty-four years ago the pressure on the Catholics in the USSR was infinitely stronger than on the Eastern Church; the Catholics then were considered to be more dangerous enemies, if for no other reason than that they constituted a truly *international* organization.



The signs of an easing of Communist policy *vis-à-vis* Rome are many. Late in 1962 two ecclesiastics, the (Byzantine Rite) Metropolitan Archbishop Slipiy and the Apostolic Administrator of Georgia, were released from concentration camps where they had undergone agonies. The USSR also permitted Greek Orthodox observers to attend the Vatican Council. It is not unthinkable that the Kremlin *ordered* the hesitant Eastern Church to comply with the Vatican's invitation; but it is also possible that the wishes of the Kremlin and of the Patriarch of Moscow coincided. Still, the Atheistic Museum of Leningrad (which is *not* on the regular Intourist tour) features a large photo of the observers of the Eastern Church, walking with Catholic priests in Rome, as proof that an inquisition conspiracy of *all* faiths against progress, democracy, and the Soviet Fatherland actually exists.

Eastern Church Ridiculed

Why this apparent friendliness toward Rome? The Catholic Church in the Soviet Union represents at best eight million out of 206 million—if we include the "submerged" Byzantine Rite Catholics in that number. In other words: it matters little to the masters in the Kremlin whether the tiny Catholic minority, be it of the Latin or Byzantine Rite, gets a breathing spell. This minority is at present only a footnote to Russia's religious scene. What really matters is the downfall of the Eastern Church and the eventual drowning of the religious splinter groups in the great ocean of religious indifference and rank atheism. Of course, this does not mean that the Soviets are totally uninterested in the activities of the "sects." Indeed, the very nature of some of the sects makes the Soviet leadership wary; religions that need no church buildings, no sacred vessels or vestments, no seminaries or cathedrals, no holy pictures or processions, no hierarchy, no priests, no monasteries, no libraries seem to have a better chance of survival than the Eastern Church. While the Catholics *at the moment* seem to be "out of season," posters ridiculing the Eastern Church continue and there is much ranting

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against the Baptists and, above all, against Jehovah's Witnesses. The latter are described as spies and agents of Wall Street.

The fight against Islam has been relegated to second place—both because it would cause immediate and undesirable foreign policy repercussions, and because the task itself is difficult. All the Moslems we met in Russia—mostly Tartars—had retained their faith and considered nonbelievers to be lower than dogs. The Jews are a particular target of attention; the Jew is suspected on national rather than "racial" or religious grounds; he is regarded as a potential traitor who owes allegiance to a "foreign potentate," *i.e.*, the President of Israel. As long as he adheres to his faith (or to Jewish language and culture) he is deemed unreliable. The Catholics, as members of the Polish Church, also share in this suspicion of an alien loyalty, but the pressure is lighter—for the time being. They still have seminaries in Lithuania and one in Latvia. They have a number of churches in the "far west," but in the Soviet Union proper regular services are held only in Leningrad, Moscow, Tiflis, and—apparently—in Odessa. In addition an American priest of French Canadian extraction resides in Moscow as Chaplain to the foreign diplomats. He says Mass in his home and in the Argentine Embassy. Many priests live in the Soviet Union but some are in jail and others have been forbidden to carry out their pastoral duties. They live as laborers or white collar workers.

Chairman for Liquidation

It is the Greek Orthodox community that is bearing the brunt of the attack, particularly the clergy. In the Ministry of the Interior, there is a "Chairman of the Council for Pravoslav Church Affairs," Comrade Kuroyedov by name, whose task it is to liquidate the Eastern Church. In the Soviet Union separation of Church and State means that atheistic propaganda is free (and state-supported) whereas religious instruction on the school level is forbidden. Anti-religious pressure, however, is not uniform all over the nation. In certain remote and less supervised areas a young person can be seen in church and still belong to the *Komsomol;* in other parts a schoolteacher who is caught going to church could immediately lose her job. For party members the Church is always taboo.

The atheistic museums preach the spirit of nineteenth-century materialism and usually display paintings of Galileo in the clutches of the Inquisition. (Nobody is ever told that Galileo was accused of repeating the theories of Copernicus, a Polish monk.) Pictures of executions in Imperial Russia with priests "blessing the gallows" are prominently featured. The clergy is shown supporting the old "established order," living in luxury, indulging in sex and alcohol while the people starved.

The Clergy's Dilemma

The clergy lives in frightful moral dilemma. The bishops know that resistance is useless, and while they realize that the faithful in a way expect them to criticize the regime as well as Communist doctrine, they know that the priests and the laity will have to pay for such a stand. In most of their contacts with Westerners, the Russian hierarchs have used weasel words, have repeated official versions put into their mouths by their tyrants, have refused to be frank and honest—desperately conscious of their immense responsibility.

Not long ago the head of a seminary declared to a visiting poet from a Western country that the situation of religion in the USSR and in the United States was "practically the same": separation of State and Church, the clergy not paid by the state, prayers outlawed in public schools, religion banned from the schools, births and deaths registered by the government, the Church, thanks to the generosity of the faithful, having no economic problems.

Which isn't quite the truth. One way the government closes down a church is by taxing it so heavily that the congregation cannot raise the money. Twenty or thirty thousand rubles cannot be produced in a few weeks. There are other stratagems also. Delegates from the Art Commission discover a crack in the wall, a sure sign that an important national monument is being neglected. In order to protect it, the church is taken over for repair and then reopened—as a museum.

Indeed, the number of churches has decreased. Moscow, at the outbreak of the Revolution, had more than 300 churches for a population of a million and a half; not an excessive number if we keep in mind that the Russian churches are rarely spacious. Today there are about eight Greek Orthodox churches, one for the Old Believers, two for the Baptists, two synagogues, and one Roman Catholic church. (There is said to be an Adventist church.)

A safe estimate would place the number of churches at the end of 1959 at 22,000, down to between 7,000 and 8,000 in mid-1963. In the first half of 1963 no less than 700 churches were closed down in White Ruthenia. This resulted in an "over-abundance" of priests which, in turn, was the pretext for refusing to take new students at the seminary in Zhirovitsy near Minsk. The government some time ago decreed that children could not receive Holy Communion, and every imaginable pressure has been put on parents and teachers to keep children from going to church. As a matter of fact, children are rarely seen in church, adolescents more frequently, while old people are most numerous. The key to this phenomenon is not that religion is dying out except among a hard core, but that one has to reach a certain age in order to be able to go to church *safely*. Old people, who can no longer work but are living on pensions, can risk it. The rest have to be cautious. This is much easier for the Greek Orthodox, who are not under any obligation to attend Sunday Mass ("Holy Liturgy"), than for the Roman Catholics who are.

The noose is tightened every year. In 1963 old-age pensions for all laymen serving the Church—secretaries, lay helpers, sextons—were abolished. (Priests and monks had lost their pensions earlier.) What this means in a totalitarian state where the currency is periodically devalued and money cannot be saved for one's old age, we cannot sufficiently appreciate.

Of the theological academies only two survive—one in Leningrad and one in Zagorsk. Only two monasteries exist today: the one in Zagorsk and another one in Novodyevitchi. The famous Perscherskaya Lavra in Kiev,

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the Monte Cassino of the Russian world, was still in operation a year ago last spring. But in the summer of 1963 the monks were arrested, cruelly beaten up and deported. Nobody knows where they now are. This wanton act of brutality is a sign of the fury (and frustration) of the Communist fanatics in the face of a hard core which has shown itself irreducible by normal means. Communism also has failed satisfactorily to replace Christian belief with a working morality. Atheistic manuals are numerous as are ethical pamphlets which try in vain to teach Christian morality without a Christian foundation. Crime is as rampant. Big crime syndicates put American gangsters and mobs to shame. They operate everywhere. In Stalin's time they even controlled entire sectors of concentration camps which the guards could enter only with the aid of armored cars. Stealing in the factories has reached the level of a popular art and is a standard phenomenon. They tell you in the USSR that Mao Tse-tung once offered Khrushchev the services of one of his Chinese magicians. "I don't need such aid," Mr. K. countered, "I have over two hundred million sorcerers." "How come?" "Well, my average subject earns 100 rubles a month and spends 300."

The men in the Kremlin, especially the "ideological policemen" among them, are afraid of Western religious infiltration. A physicist like Einstein is a considerable headache for them as are other Western physicists, biologists, and philosophers whose ideas penetrate the borders and invite a radical revision of dialectical materialism. Among university students the feeling that Christianity has something to offer is exceedingly strong. A university professor of philosophy, teaching in the western USSR, mentioned in veiled words his spiritual despair. His parting words to me were: "When you return to your country remind the people that we are a race of limitless patience and of an endless capacity for suffering. We can wait as no other nation has waited. Do not despair in us." I shook his hand, saying *"Do Svidanye*—good bye." He, however, replied: *"Sbogom*—with God." It was fully evident to me where he stood and what gave him his strength.

Uncle Cornpone Greets the Press

WILLIAM F. GAVIN

(The scene: a ranch in Texas. On the front porch a musical trio consisting of fiddle, jug, and mouth organ plays *Turkey in the Straw* to an audience of newsmen. Suddenly the trio breaks into *God Bless America* as Uncle Cornpone saunters to the porch. He is dressed in faded coveralls, a battered Stetson, and riding boots covered with dust and another substance found in ranches and press conferences.)

Uncle Cornpone: Howdy, nabors!
Newsmen: Howdy, Uncle 'Pone!
Uncle Cornpone: Right nice of y'all to come on down to see li'l ol' me. Ah'm jes folks. Y'all got any thing that jes might be in the public interest, jes go ahead and ask. Ah'm jes folks and I believe in speakin' straight.
Reporter: Would you care to comment on Bobby Baker?
Uncle Cornpone: Bobby who, son? (The trio softly plays *The Old Rugged Cross* in the background as Uncle Cornpone speaks.) Ah'm jes folks. Ah love the whole cotton-pickin' world. Ah love the South, and love the North. Ah cain't rightly recollect this Baker boy, but ah love everybody. Shucks, jes to show y'all how much ah love ya, ah'm gonna dance with ya. (Trio switches to *Blue-Tailed Fly* in up-tempo as Uncle Cornpone grabs the nearest reporter and begins to stomp around the yard, unmindful of the fact that it is Arthur Krock with whom he is stomping. Cornpone dances Krock into exhaustion, and then dances with each reporter in turn, ending with Drew Pearson with whom he mamboes to the tune of *King Porter Stomp.* Uncle Cornpone, out of breath, but grinning, addresses the demoralized press.) Does a body good to meet the people. Any other questions?
Reporter: Uncle 'Pone, do you have any plans for Vietnam? Can we win there?
Uncle Cornpone (deeply hurt by the word "win"): Ah truly hope y'all didn't mean ta say that. Cussin' nivir solved nothing, now did it? Cain't y'all see that winnin' is sinnin'? Ah don't rightly recollect this Viet place, but one thing is plum certain: The ends don't never justify the means, and ah love all of this here Viet, North, South, East, and West. Ah'm jes folks, is all.
Reporter: President Kennedy, addressing the soldiers who had fought at Bay of Pigs, said he would see their banner fly some day over a free Cuba. How do you plan to make President Kennedy's dream come true?
Uncle Cornpone: Now, this here Castra fella is jes folks, same as you and me. Ah don't rightly recollect makin' any *plans* about him, but ah suspect he'll go away if we don't get all in a fuss. The Good Book says that Jesi begot Sesan, and Sesan begot Oholai. Now *they* were jes folks, weren't they? Does that answer your question, son?

Reporter: Your stand on civil rights does not seem to match your very emphatic statements against civil rights proposals in the not too distant past. Can you clarify this?
Uncle Cornpone (as the fiddle plays *Dixie* and the jug and mouth organ play *We Shall Overcome*): Now the nigra . . . shucks, that was what we call a localism and y'all know it was a slip of the tongue. The Negro is jes folks. And that's as plain as a plain-speakin' fella can get.
Reporter: There seems to be a feeling on the part of some Republicans that Republican votes were not counted in Cook County, Illinois during the 1960 election. Moreover, they claim that some of the Democratic votes were cast by dead people. Will you comment on this?
Uncle Cornpone: Son, dead folks is folks, jes like you and me. In answer to your li'l ol' question, let me say: does anyone want to dance?
(The reporters flee as Uncle Cornpone chuckles and does a tango with a beagle to the tune of *I'm Dancing With Tears In My Eyes, 'Cause The Girl In My Arms Is A Hound.)*

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African Affairs

The Long Spoon of Peking

ELSPETH HUXLEY

What it looks like now in Africa is a take-over bid by Peking for the whole massive block stretching from Egypt down to Rhodesia, and from Zanzibar west to Angola. A bold, audacious gamble to fill the power vacuum left empty by departed colonialists, while within each of the newly independent nations the power struggle between contending leaders and parties, red in tooth and claw, is still unresolved.

Elspeth Huxley

It's a fantastic situation. Except as a remote, semi-mythical land of dragons, emperors, famines and floods, no one in Africa had heard of Communist China until about five years ago. Africa had virtually no Chinese citizens, no two-way trade, no settlements, no firms and agencies, nothing: not even embassies or missions. China seemed more distant than the moon and wholly immersed in Asian affairs, totally unconcerned with Africa.

As one country after another began to roll off the decolonization line, the dragon stretched a few tentative and slightly absurd claws: some trade missions, a loan of rice, a match factory, a touring band of jugglers and, of course, students (offers of scholarships in Peking). None of this amounted to more than a handful of peanuts. Most of the African students, disillusioned with their teaching and bitter about the color bar (not only foreign devils but *black* ones), came home.

And then, suddenly last January, Red China took over Zanzibar. Nominally, it's under an African government and, even more nominally, united with Tanganyika, as a result of President Julius Nyerere's eleventh-hour move to keep a stretch of ocean, however narrow, between his country and the Chinese Communists. From the outset, Peking's men occupying ministerial posts in Zanzibar's government have flouted the agreement which was supposed to weld together this little clove island and the huge, sprawling, undeveloped mainland territory. The Chinese put the crunch on Zanzibar and now control the key positions, such as Information (there's a total censorship) and Police. Soon after the take-over, about 7,000 peaceful Arabs and Indians were massacred and, later, thousands more packed into dhows with insufficient food and water, and shipped off in the general direction of an Asia none of them had ever seen, destitute and helpless. Zanzibar is still a member of the British Commonwealth.

In nearby Dar es Salaam, the Chinese Embassy mushroomed so alarmingly that President Nyerere, supported by his colleagues in Kenya and Uganda, tried to impose a limit of ten to the size of all embassy staffs. It didn't work. Dar es Salaam's Chinese Embassy has become the main center for intrigue and subversion between Brazzaville and the Indian Ocean. (Footnote: the largest automobile ever imported into Kenya recently arrived — for the Chinese Embassy.)

Chinese-Trained Rebels

It is well-known that the rebels fighting Tshombe's central government in the Congo are Chinese inspired and partially, at least, Chinese trained and armed. The leaders of the so-called provisional government set up in Stanleyville, Gbenye and Soumialot, are well disposed towards Peking. Little more can be said with certainty. The chaos prevailing in the Congo is now so murky that it's probably easier to find out what is happening on the moon than on this particular stretch of our planet.

One of the oddest tie-ups in history must be that between Peking and the kingdom of Burundi, that tiny country formerly administered by the Belgians on behalf of the United Nations, wedged between the Congo and Tanganyika. Odd, because Burundi is ruled by the Watutsi, the tall, proud, feudal aristocracy who have been so badly beaten up in neighboring Rwanda by their former vassals, the Bahuti tribesmen. The King of Burundi is a genial autocrat who sometimes plays the drums in the sole nightspot of his tiny capital (population 7,000) and rules through a tight network of hereditary chiefs. The whole set-up is just about as Communist as Senator Goldwater's campaign headquarters; but there it is, closely linked to Peking by means of goodness knows what promises and bribes, while the leader of the Congo rebels, Christophe Gbenye, has used the country for his headquarters.

So there's the encirclement: on the west both Congos (Brazzaville and Léopoldville), possibly Mali, plus Burundi; on the east, Zanzibar, with clawholds digging into Tanganyika and Somalia. Some observers prophesy a take-over in Tanganyika before the end of the year. In next-door Kenya, where the British Army is in process of evacuating its last African base, Minister Oginga Odinga has hotly denied, at a press conference, that he plans the pro-Peking coup, and overthrow of Jomo Kenyatta's government, which has been widely assumed to be his objective.

Now has come a crisis in Malawi (former Nyasaland) and plain words, very plain, from Dr. Hastings Banda, the erstwhile messiah who returned from the practice of medicine in London to redeem his country from the British, and lead it to independence earlier this year. All the effective members of Dr. Banda's cabinet have resigned, and been lambasted by the Doctor for selling out to Communist China for the price of a $53 million loan. Like all the African leaders who have taken over from colonialists, he walks a dangerous tightrope, trying to keep his country relatively solvent and viable, and at the same time to stave off a growing disillusionment and frustration among an ignorant peasantry and a mass of unemployed and semi-educated youths who find that freedom, far from ushering in a golden age of plenty, is doing just the reverse.

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The pincers tighten. Can Peking pull it off?

No one can do more than guess, and guess wildly. Peking's must be one of the biggest bluffs in history. The Chinese have nothing whatever in Africa to build on—no armed forces, no bases, no trade network, not even any goodwill, because to 99.9 per cent of the people a Chinese remains as unknown a quantity as a Martian. All they've got is bluff, nerve and propaganda. Even the propaganda seems, by our standards, crude and boring. But then we're always making the mistake of assuming our standards to be universal. They're not; and Africans may, for all we know, prefer their propaganda this way.

Still, can any country take over a large chunk of a continent with *only* propaganda, plus the promise of some loans? They haven't even any of the things Africa wants, and which the West is at least trying, patchily perhaps, to provide: modern skills and techniques, graduate teachers, trained doctors, engineers, accountants, agriculturalists; machinery to spare for projects such as dams, hydro-electric and irrigation schemes, hospitals, universities, roads, cement works, factories, textile plants and all the rest. It seems the Chinese really have nothing whatsoever of use or interest to Africans—merely a monolithic faith in themselves and their mission, and an infinite capacity for trouble-making and intrigue.

What has brought them into Africa is, of course, their cold war with Russia. They intend to move in before Moscow does: one stage, perhaps, in a global encirclement. The Russians have been unexpectedly lukewarm and cagey about Africa, not at all anxious for commitment. They may be wondering whether they haven't made a mistake. If they have, it's not one from which the West will benefit. Compared with Peking, Moscow is mild, conservative and domesticated.

A Chinese conquest of most of east and central Africa without a gun, without long preparation, in the face of the opposition of all the newly established African governments, and with almost total ignorance of local peoples and conditions, seems pretty well incredible. Yet odder things have happened. Two factors undermine the African will and capacity to resist foreign incursion. One is the internecine power-struggle between those leaders who have carried their countries into independence—Banda, Nyerere, Kenyatta, Kaunda, Obote and their henchmen—and a newer set who think their present rulers too slow, conservative and tolerant of Europeans, and who are generally supposed to want to oust them and seize power for themselves. To get this power, they will team up with anyone, trusting in their own ability to ditch their team-mate when they're firmly in the saddle. The young lady of Riga, it will be remembered, shared this belief. At this cozy supper party, it remains to be seen whether their spoon will be long enough.

The other factor is the obsessive hatred of all African nationalists, on-stage or in-the-wings, for South Africa, Rhodesia and Portugal. Until they have "swept from our dear homeland the last vestiges of colonialism" etc. they cannot see plainly what is going on all round them. Everything is distorted by this obsession. While the Organization for African Unity meets to discuss, yet again, how to drive the whites out of the back door, the yellows climb purposefully in by the window. When the Africans have shut the door, they may turn round too late. Meanwhile they'll accept help from any quarter, and have accepted it, to break the power of the surviving whites.

Those two factors give Peking its strength and opportunity. Its rulers are ruthless, resolute and tenacious. "Infirm of purpose, give me the dagger," Lady Macbeth cried to her spouse. That, roughly speaking, seems to be what Mao Tse-tung has said to Mr. Khrushchev. A flimsy weapon for so great a task, but sharply pointed, and wielded by a strong wrist.

Old Macdonald

Lyndon Johnson had a friend;
(EE-AYE, EE-AYE O-O-O)

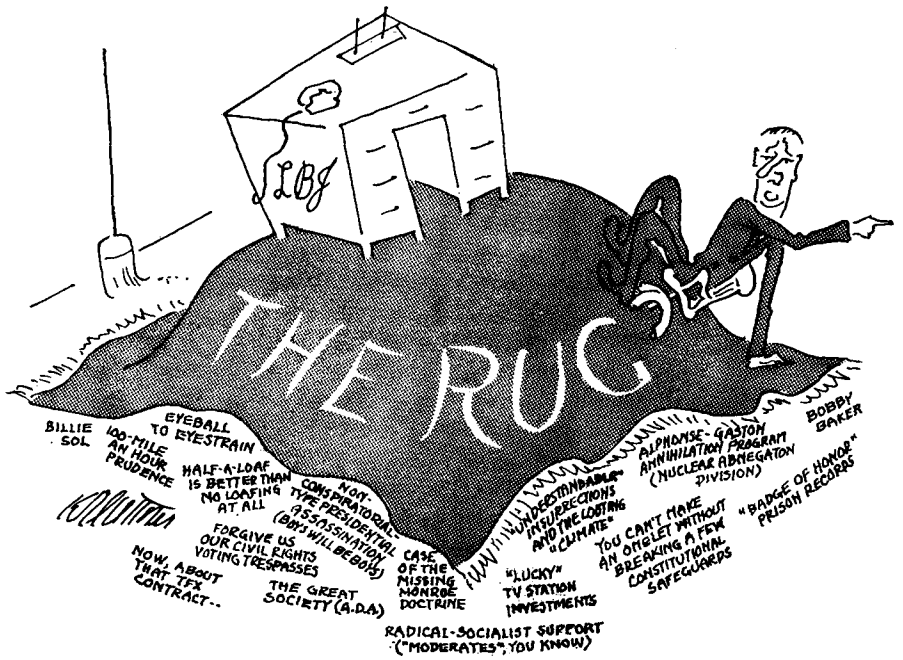
Goodness, how he loved to spend!
(EE-AYE, EE-AYE O-O-O)

With a TV here and a TV there;
Here a set, there a set—

Everywhere a hot set!

What's become of Lyndon's friend?
(EE-AYE, EE-AYE O-O-O)

W. H. VON DREELE


LBJ
THE RUG
BILLIE SOL
EYEBALL TO EYESTRAIN
100-MILE AN HOUR PRUDENCE
HALF-A-LOAF IS BETTER THAN NO LOAFING AT ALL
CONSPIRATORIAL-TYPE PRESIDENTIAL ASSASSINATION (BOBBY WILL BE BOSS)
NOT-
FORGIVE US OUR CIVIL RIGHTS VOTING TRESPASSES
NOW, ABOUT THAT TFX CONTRACT..
THE GREAT SOCIETY (A.D.A.)
CASE OF THE MISSING MONROE DOCTRINE
"LUCKY" TV STATION INVESTMENTS
RADICAL-SOCIALIST SUPPORT ("MODERATES", YOU KNOW)
UNDESTINDABLE" INSURRECTIONS AND THE LOOTING "CLIMATE"
YOU CAN'T MAKE AN OMELET WITHOUT BREAKING A FEW CONSTITUTIONAL SAFEGUARDS
ALPHONSE-GASTON ANNIHILATION PROGRAM (NUCLEAR ABNEGATON DIVISION)
BOBBY BAKER
"BADGE OF HONOR" PRISON RECORDS

"Don't just take my word for it. Ask Lippmann and all the Little Lippmanns whether an issue-happy candidate who wears glasses without lenses and who doesn't want to Let Us Continue isn't completely irresponsible and unfit to be President!"

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Over-Privileged Intellectuals

AUBERON WAUGH

On its dust-jacket, the latest Encyclical to the Faithful from C. P. Snow is described as "probably the finest political novel of our day." Probably? Well, of course, there are always the eight other novels in this series, also by C. P. Snow.

Lewis Eliot, the familiar narrator, is now middle-aged and, he gives us to understand, extremely influential. Slow-witted, with an incredibly pedestrian mind and leftward leanings, he has all the makings of a comic hero. He is complacent and self-important, disliked by almost everyone he meets, with just enough intelligence to realize he is hated but not enough to make himself less odious. Here is his epitaph on a dead Cabinet Minister; "No one, least of all himself, could have called him a great man, and yet I had learned much from him."

Conceited as only an introspective man can be, he is constantly finding trivial flaws in himself and parading them. Priggish in all except sexual morality, he shows the massive pomposity of those who are confident in their beliefs and habits. In former days, this was a characteristic of happy, unintelligent country squires, whose down-to-earth Toryism was unlikely to be challenged by anyone in their circle. Nowadays, it is the prerogative of over-privileged left-wing intellectuals, who do not dream that their feeble, pacifist front can be challenged by any sane person of good will. But of all our dreary, leftish figures of fun, Lewis Eliot, C. P. Snow's hero, is the quintessence.

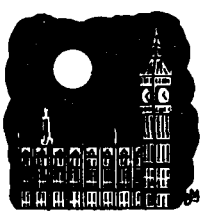
Corridors of Power, by C. P. Snow. Scribner, $5.95

The story concerns a pacifist plot to renounce Britain's nuclear weapon—how it proceeds and how (here's the punch) it fails. The narrator is vain, incompetent and unsuccessful. What more is needed for a rip-roaring farce? Alas, it is not so simple as that. Where lesser men might play it for laughs, C. P. Snow presents the story as a tragedy. The narrator, instead of being an amiable buffoon, a sort of left-wing Bertie Wooster, is shown to be a Man in the Round —something between St. Thomas More, Socrates and the Tolpuddle Martyrs. His ponderous, semi-articulate platitudes must be accepted as the wisdom of maturity. If the book was 350 pages shorter, civilized men might still read it for amusement. But it is impossible to extract spiteful merriment from 408 pages of sincere, deeply felt twaddle.

The author is far too clever to use one word where three or four will do the trick less effectively. He excels even himself in this book with his description of elegant town and country houses where, he would have us imagine, Tory policies are hammered out:

"It was a welcome, not only of luxury, but of extreme comfort."

The American student of English politics might be prepared to wade through 400 pages to learn this kind of thing. The underdog schoolteacher whose career has been unsuccessful might comfort himself with some idea of an inner circle of privilege from which he has been unjustly excluded. But for most educated Englishmen, it simply won't do. The country is too small; nearly everybody from the professional classes up knows everyone else at one or two removes. The newspapers are, for the most part, extremely well informed. There *is* no inner circle of right-wing activists. Great decisions are *not* taken in the clubs of St. James's.



So much for the world about which I know. Another world is described —that of senior Civil Servants and scientists—about which I know nothing. If it is as ludicrously false as the picture of the Conservative Establishment, we have no need to worry. But it rings uncomfortably true.

All the scientists, with one exception, are pacifist left-wingers. Most of the civil servants are pacifists. Their hated enemy, a scientist called Brodzinski, uses the weapon they detest most—a security check. Eliot's outrage is extremely comical, and his interview with the security officer could be the most hilarious moment of the book, but *we* are supposed to feel outraged that a man as distinguished as he should have to submit to this indignity.

The narrator agrees that he fought quite hard (by proxy you know) for the Communists against the Christians in the Spanish Civil War.

"I've often wished I'd done more," he tells the security officer. "I haven't altered much as I've got older. I've learned a bit more, that's all." The funniest part is when Eliot explains in a superior, patronizing way that he couldn't conceivably be a security risk as he had always been anti-Stalinist. Needless to say, he passes the test with flying colors.

All this is by way of diversion. The main story tells how the pro-appeasement Tory Cabinet Minister becomes convinced that unilateral disarmament is the right course to take and is voted down by his own party. The narrative could be told in ten lines, but obviously Snow was on to a good thing. The Cabinet Minister's adulterous love affair provides one irrelevant sub-plot; two young people—an American millionaire and the promiscuous daughter of a left-wing scientist—are introduced to

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symbolize Youth and the Future which all this turgid prose is trying to save.

In the end, Eliot resigns his irregular post in the Civil Service, saying he wishes to be active in fields for which he will have to be a private citizen again. Perhaps this is his way of saying that he intends to park his preposterous bottom on the pavement in Trafalgar Square to ban the bomb, protect Communists in Greece, or keep hands off Cuba. I don't much care. His intentions are always obscure, but as he never achieves anything, it doesn't matter.

Snow's message—that all sensible people believe Britain should renounce its independent deterrent—is disputable. Quite apart from the need to own a bomb with which to threaten and, in the last resort, to blow up the French, I should like to think that possession of the Bomb is in itself an edifying exercise, just as mediaeval scholars used to keep skulls on their desks to remind them of Mortality. But I am prepared to admit that there are two opinions on this matter.

But you can't say, as Snow's characters do, both that Britain's possession makes no difference in the East-West dialogue and that our abandonment of it will make a great difference. Either one or the other, not both. The idea that our disarmament will bring moral pressure to bear on such notoriously immoral countries as France, Egypt and China is puerile. Needless to say—and I doubt if he would deny it himself—all Snow's argument lead towards a neutral position by England.

THE MOST unconvincing moment of the whole book—and the superlative is used after careful consideration—is the speech by Roger Quaife, the Tory Cabinet minister, in favor of Peace:

"Some of us have fought in two wars. Most of us have fought in one. I don't need to tell anyone who has fought that war is hell. We have seen better men than ourselves killed besides us. We have seen the way they died. We have seen our dead."

Quaife earned the DSO and is supposed to be a brave man. *But brave men simply don't talk like that.*

Snow, who was born in 1905, spent the last war as a tutor at Cambridge. I dread to think what rigors of wartime life in Cambridge have produced this pacifist streak in him. Certainly, I would be the last to hope that he was visited again by such horrors. But I believe that the best way to avoid war is our way, not his. And the only message which I receive from a book absolutely drenched with messages is the urgent need to clean up our Civil Service and Scientific Establishments, and to get all the Lewis Eliots out of our system.

Apt Pupil

GEORGE MORGENSTERN

WHEN the Japanese clobbered Pearl Harbor, and loud was the American outcry of perfidy, the Japanese response might have applied the words of the old song, "You made me what I am today; I hope you're satisfied." The West, and particularly the United States, insisted on dragging Japan out of feudal seclusion. The motive, as given pious expression by a precursor of Commodore Perry, was to "heal their diseases . . . and trade a little." The reluctant recruit to Western-style civilization, like the groundhog, would have preferred to stay underground. But once Japan was dragged kicking and screaming into the nineteenth century, it decided, in the interest of self-preservation, to emulate its self-imposed tutors with a vengeance. Its objectives, its methods, and its manners were all adopted from them, and soon it was being said of the Japanese that they "imitate perfectly."

Dr. Neumann tells the story of modern Japan well and aptly. With the deposition of the Shogunate (accomplished with the aid of a lend-lease ironclad, formerly the property of the Confederacy), Japan made enormous strides in westernizing itself after the Meiji Restoration of 1868. The original idea was to develop enough military power so that it could retire again into its shell when some cataclysm overtook the West. But, with modernization and the acquisition of military strength, it altered its aspirations to coincide with those of the Western nations—expansion, empire, resources, trade.

Inasmuch as Perry and other Americans, British, Dutch, Russians, and others pushed themselves on the Japanese by force—"words without authority of many cannons will avail little," as Lt. John Rodgers put it—the Japanese realized that they could only regain equality by similar methods. They were early acquainted with Western gunboat diplomacy, ultimata, bombardment of coastal cities, and demands for indemnities. When they struck out on their first overseas adventures, their tactics were modeled on their experience on the receiving end.

With the help of American military and diplomatic advisers, some of whom rose high in the Imperial service, Japan soon broke the bounds of her island home. As Americans had become unwelcome visitors to the seat of the Shogunate and later of the Imperial court, so Japanese now forced themselves into the presence of the Emperor of China in Peking. They launched a punitive expedition against Formosa, nominally under the suzerainty of China, and were soon "Perryizing" Korea, also under Chinese hegemony. Victories over China in 1894, Russia in 1904, and German forces in the Far East in the First World War established Japan as a Great Power. She was early in conflict with the United States over Hawaii, and her misgivings grew as the annexations after the Spanish-American war establish-

America Encounters Japan: From Perry to MacArthur, by William L. Neumann. Johns Hopkins, $6.50

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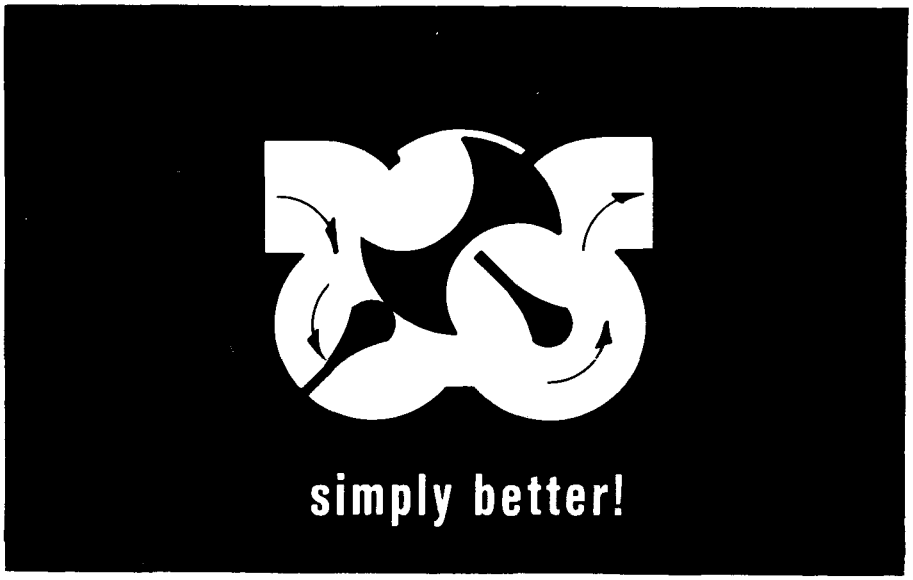

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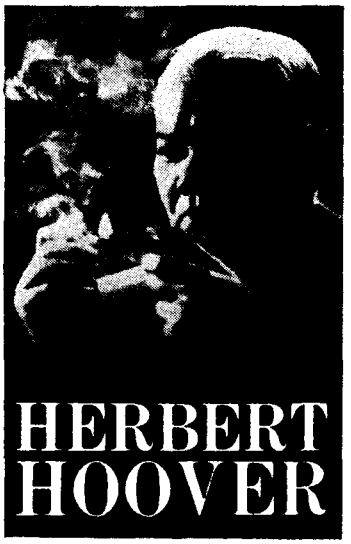

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ed the United States in Guam and the Philippines. Distrust mounted on both sides after the coming of the depression in 1929 brought militarism into the ascendant in Japan, which embarked on new aggressions in China.

Naval conferences from 1921 through 1930 endeavored to slow down competition in naval construction, but served chiefly to arouse Japanese resentment, because Japan, in comparison with the United States and Britain, felt she was consigned to the lower end of a ratio that read "Rolls Royce—Rolls Royce—Ford." Other irritants were segregation of Japanese pupils in California schools, the California alien land act, the Japanese exclusion act of 1924, and a tariff increase on Japanese imports in 1936 averaging 42 per cent. This tariff discrimination convinced Japan that the most secure markets were those Japan could control politically —an argument for further expansion by force.

American spy scares, anti-Japanese propaganda in the press, and an uncritical attachment to China nurtured suspicion and distrust. The Stimson doctrine of "non-recognition" of Japan's Manchurian conquest led, as Stimson later conceded, "straight to Pearl Harbor," for he easily persuaded Franklin Roosevelt to carry it over from the Hoover Administration. Roosevelt, Stimson found, had "a personal hereditary interest" in China, for his Delano grandfather had made his fortune in the Canton trade.

Although Japan was far and away America's best customer in the Orient, the economic and diplomatic vise was tightened on her out of sentimental regard for China. Vainly Japan argued that Communism would fill the vacuum in China but for her; that Japan would play the role of an advance post for Western capitalism. A lonely voice in the State Department warned that the defeat of Japan "would merely create a new set of stresses and substitute for Japan the USSR as a contestant (and at least an equally unscrupulous and dangerous one) for mastery in the East. Nobody except perhaps Russia would gain from our victory in such a war."

The same prophet, John V. A. MacMurray, former chief of the Far Eastern Division, observed, "If we were to 'save' China from Japan and be-

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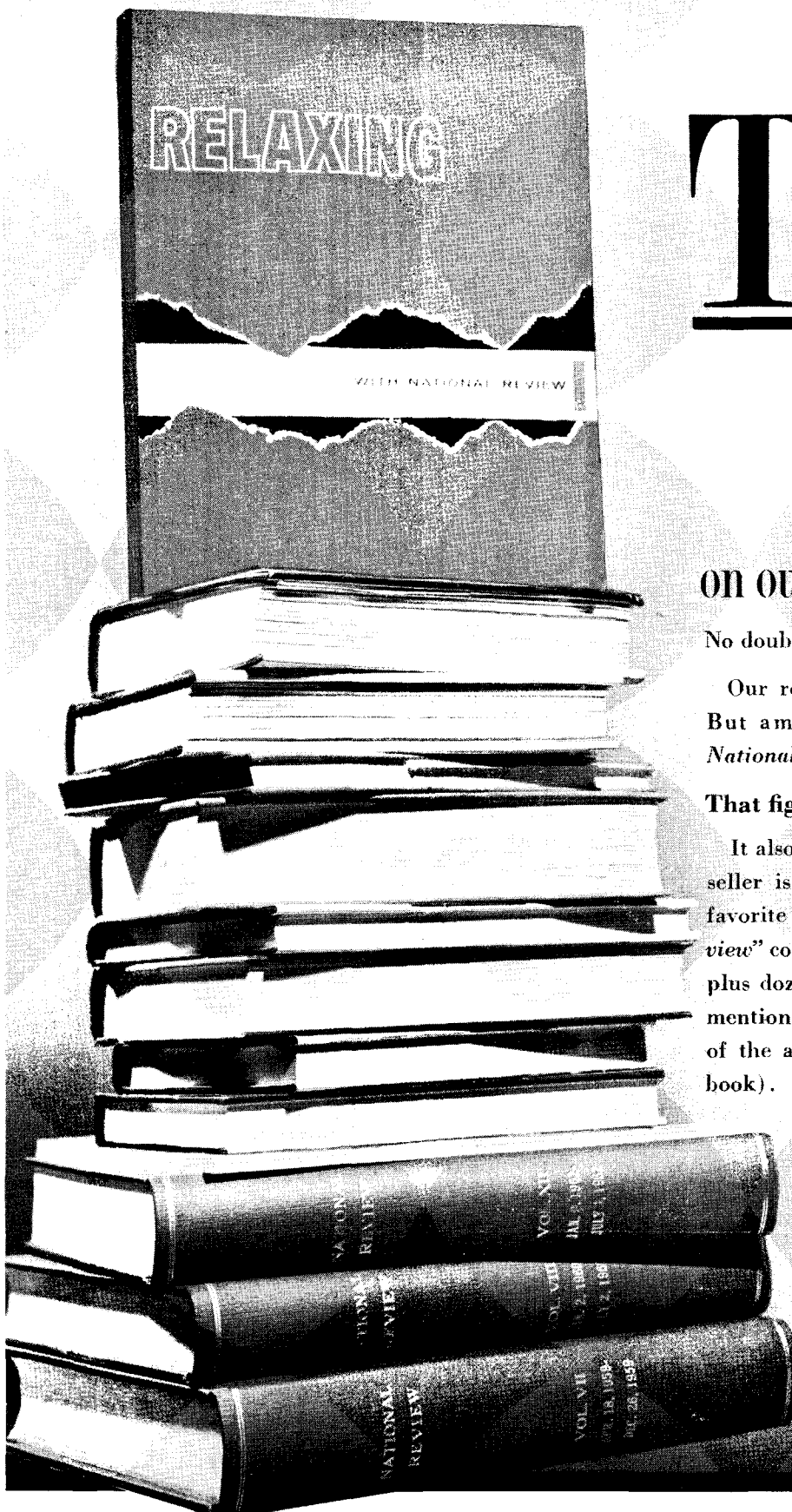

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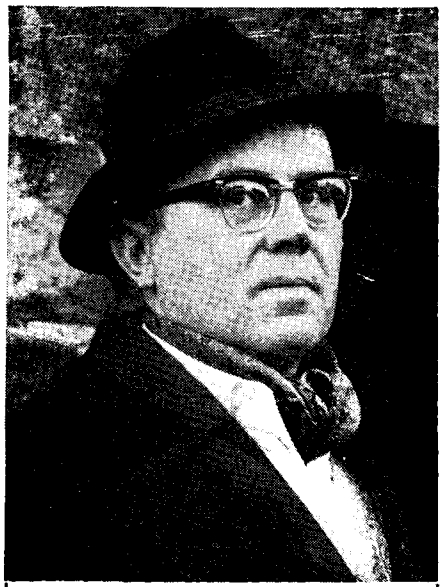

Speaking Up . . .

Russell Kirk, author of *Fulminations of a Nocturnal Bookman,* of nine major works of political theory, 17 critical introductions for scholarly reprints of the classics, and three romance and mystery novels, has also had over 400 short stories and essays published in the leading magazines of this country and Europe.

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come the 'Number One' nation in the eyes of her people, we should thereby become not the most favored, but the most distrusted of nations"—encapsuled truth which should be emblazoned over the doors of the State Department. An equally clear-sighted Briton, G. F. Hudson, warned that Russia would return to China with the destruction of Japanese power, and "the triumph of Communism in China would stimulate anew the revolutionary forces in every country."

But lunacy was not to be denied. American challenge brought predictable Japanese response. As the chief of the Japanese Imperial Naval Staff remarked at the time of Pearl Harbor, he had enlisted in the Japanese Navy as a boy because "I wanted to return Commodore Perry's visit."

Dr. Neumann concludes this narrative with a sermon about the dangers of the overextension of power, which doomed Japan and has led the United States into morasses which need not be recounted. World War II, he says, "should have been an object lesson in the impossiblity of doing everything everywhere at the same time, but the lesson seems to have been quickly forgotten by the policy makers." Fifteen years before Neumann, Charles A. Beard wrote, "If wrecks of overextended empires scattered through the centuries offer any instruction to the living present, it is that a quest for absolute power not only corrupts but in time destroys."

Perhaps Japan has learned the lesson. Has the United States? And the Communist apostles of world domination, the USSR and the People's Republic of China—where will that quest lead them?

Happy Birthday, Wm. Shaxper

GUY DAVENPORT

Born in a country market town, educated at the grammar school, regarded by his villagers as capable of taking over, in time, his father's business in beef and hides, he married Anne Whateley or Hathaway (the records are confused) and seemed to settle down as a burgher with a family. But then, inexplicably though perhaps precipitated by a tangle with the poaching laws, he set out for London with his friend Robert Davenport. Two decades later he had become the only writer of English whose imagination and mastery of words rivaled Chaucer's. For the first time in the history of the West, the supreme poet was not Homer but Homer or Shakespeare, as you would. Homer had grasped the human spirit in its perennial truths. It is all there, the world agreed, all that need be said of man. It remained to Shakespeare to render another description of man, this time of his imagination and its inward world. Look at Telemachus; look at Hamlet. Listen to Hermes in *The Odyssey;* listen to Ariel. Compare Priam and Lear in their anguish; the one, we say, needing no other words, is Homeric, the other Shakespearean; and nothing has reached such greatness.

Of all the birthday presents of the quatercentenary, none has come close to the poet Louis Zukofsky's offering, a discursive book of 470 pages called *Bottom: On Shakespeare,* boxed with a second volume by his wife, the composer Celia Zukofsky, a musical setting for *Pericles.*

The body of Zukofsky's book is a cycle of essays, or "an alphabet of subjects," from A to Z. The momentum that carries the reader fascinated through this poet's notebook of perceptions is generated in the introduction, 90 pages ostensibly about eyes ("Let the audience look to their eyes," cries Bottom). What emerges is a kind of dance of imagery and words which Zukofsky, with pure delight, has set in motion. It is Shakespeare's peace of mind that intrigues him, the balance of the poet's argument within itself. An elaborately cultivated imagination has limits and contours—

Bottom: On Shakespeare, by Louis and Celia Zukofsky. University of Texas Press, $12.50

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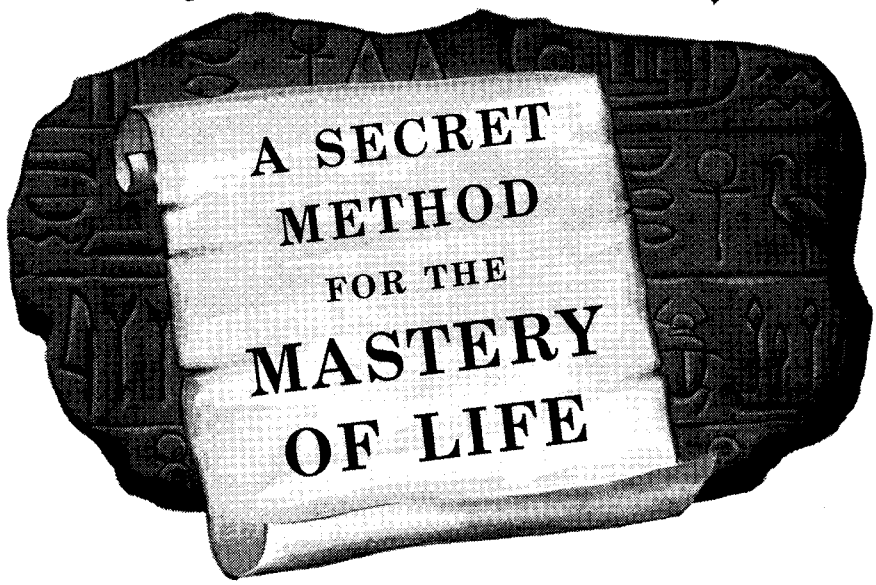
one begins to wonder if Shakespeare's have ever been found—but there are interior harmonies that act like music in their repetitions and contrasts and which visually are inexhaustible of interest. Zukofsky reports from a lifetime's study of these harmonies, and before we are well into the book we meet a Shakespeare classrooms and theatres have never heard of.

FLOATED ON footnotes, tastefully edited by professors, dried into jerked beef for the Hymarx Series, strained for teenagers and the delicate, Shakespeare has survived, has communicated. One feat Zukofsky has performed without saying a word: he has wrested Shakespeare from two centuries of embattled siege by the English professors. (Olivier's placing of Shakespeare in the film *Henry V*, deep in the background of the dressingroom scene, in dark glasses and shirt sleeves, leafing through a prompter's script, did more than three whole lectures on the bard to make him a flesh-and-blood being, though I've never met another soul who *saw* him there.)

Occasionally a Landor or a Hazlitt has helped us to see the breathing Englishman, hazel-eyed, superbly deep but always clear of thought, with the heart of man helplessly naked to his gaze. But the student begins to think of him very soon as an institution vaguely religious, vaguely pedagogical, inscrutable, endless of corridor, governed by generations of quarreling wardens. The institution endows chairs, gives assistant professors grants for studies of kingship, Tudor allusions, image clusters, stage history. As if all this grind and cough had never existed, Zukofsky has written a book about a poet whose precision of word and eye can be talked about endlessly.

It is a book that belongs to that scarce genre which we can only call a *book*, like Boswell's *Johnson*, Burton's incredible *Anatomy*, Walton's *Compleat Angler*. Zukofsky gives us a lover's insight into the way he reads Shakespeare; he makes lines that we have read all our lives turn to gold before our eyes. All that poets and men of good talk have said about Shakespeare is there; the index runs to thirty pages; on page 346 we get the innocent quotation, "Od's me! Qu'ai-j'oublie?" [*Merry Wives* I.iv.64] and the typist's ad lib

Knowledge That Has Endured With The Pyramids



WHENCE came the knowledge that built the Pyramids and the mighty Temples of the Pharaohs? Civilization began in the Nile Valley centuries ago. Where did its first builders acquire their astounding wisdom that started man on his upward climb? Beginning with naught they overcame nature's forces and gave the world its first sciences and arts. Did their knowledge come from a race now submerged beneath the sea, or were they touched with Infinite inspiration? From what concealed source came the wisdom that produced such characters as Amenhotep IV, Leonardo da Vinci, Isaac Newton, and a host of others?

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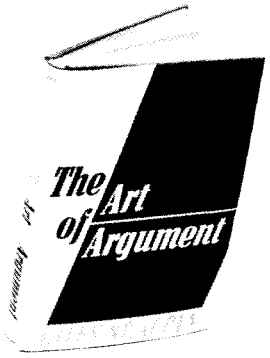

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Of Celia Zukofsky's half of this rich work I'm incompetent as yet to speak, but if it approaches the splendor of her husband's study, what a gift this is! And one must add that the two volumes are physically handsome, designed by Kim Taylor, with fetching drawings by Cyril Satorsky. I cannot think why anyone who owns a Shakespeare would not want to own this book.

The Spanish Tragedy

JOHN F. KILEY

THIS IS a book which attempts to show the causes of a tragedy: the Spanish Civil War, 1936-39. Unfortunately, it is descriptive rather than explanatory and thus fails of its purpose. Even in description it errs. Sanchez argues that it was the alliance of the Church with the monarchy and oligarchy that eventually led to the disaffection of the masses and the formation of the Popular Front. If the Church had been wiser it would have sided with the common people.

Reform and Reaction: the Politico-Religious Background of the Spanish Civil War, by José M. Sanchez. University of North Carolina Press, $6.00

In the first place, the Church is not a real being but only the individuals who make it up. Thus, "it" cannot "side" with anyone. Secondly, the consorting of members of the hierarchy with the aristocracy is not a Spanish characteristic but a simple, human one of like consorting with like, *e.g.,* powerful with powerful, wealthy with wealthy, poor with poor, and thus does not represent anything especially noteworthy for the historian. The poor priest lives and consorts with the poor, and of this kind of cleric there was never a shortage in Spain as Sanchez repeatedly makes clear. The theory of alliance of Church and oligarchy in pre-Civil War Spain fails even as being descriptive of anything real.

But there is a hidden thesis in *Reform and Reaction,* hidden it would seem even from the author. It concerns, not the alliance of church officials with privileged groups, but the ineffectiveness of these officials in forming true Christians. The first cause of this failure was the weakness of their teaching. Sanchez writes: "Azaña [President and Premier of the Popular Front Government] was completely anti-clerical; his religious philosophy was eighteenth-century rationalism. *Like most of his anticlerical colleagues, he had been educated in church schools . . . and had developed a strong antipathy to the church.*" (Italics mine.) In the face of such facts, one wonders why the Spanish anticlericals attacked the church schools: could they have done any better at reproducing themselves in schools of their own making? And conversely, one could ask why church officials became so upset over the threat to their schools the very products of which were the ones who were lighting the torches which set them aflame.

The second cause of the Spanish tragedy was the political and social leadership of some clerics. One is compelled to wonder if there was not working here some persisting martyr's death-wish that led them on from one mistake to another in dealing with their mortal enemies, until the latter were almost forced as much for face-saving as hatred, to burn and slaughter everything and everybody religious in sight. There was plenty of the simplicity of doves, but where was that cleverness of the serpent enjoined by Christ? In the end, there were many splendid witnesses to that special zeal for heroic death that haunts the Spanish soul

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and transforms peasant and prince into *conquistador* in every age. But Professor Sanchez spells out the incredible propaedeutic to the slaughter: all the mindless credulities of clerical officials, the craven compromises and concessions, the unmanly groveling to illegitimate civil authority, the casuistries when only a Christian *Realpolitik*, articulated to the clear and immense danger, could have sufficed.

Men and Manners

Sweden—That Middle Way

FRANCIS RUSSELL

THE LANDSCAPE of rural Sweden is surprisingly like that of northern Maine or of the Great Lakes region of Canada—the same expanded arching sky, the same sharp conifers, the same tangled wayside flowers, the same emptiness. To anyone with a transatlantic upbringing it comes as a relief after the appliqué farms and fairytale-picturesque villages of Denmark. The Deer Crossing signs that one finds in countries to the south have become Elk Crossings. Instead of the common crow there are flocks of hooded crows (*corvus cornix*), their black heads and wings in flashing contrast to their dove-grey bodies.

On a bright and blowy early September morning I drove along Europe Route 4 from Jönköping to Stockholm on the hilly eastern shore of Lake Vättern. The birch leaves were already beginning to yellow at the tips, and the ruffled water had taken on the steely blue of autumn. Route 4 is the European business highway, and fleets of traveling salesmen's cars marked with international identification letters kept passing me, mostly German, Dutch and Belgian.

Near Gränna I stopped at Gyllene Uttern, a square solid medieval fortress perched on the crest of a hill, its stone militancy made less obdurate by the four flags of Scandinavia fluttering gaily from the battlements. Gyllene Uttern is one of the tourist "oases" along Europe 4. The wing facing the lake has been converted into a restaurant, a beamed low-ceilinged room with ancient oak cupboards, old pewter and burnished copper kettles—but also with central heat and with a picture window overlooking the water.

I sat down at the table nearest the window and ordered coffee. The lake below and the undulant countryside now edged with autumn tints were passive—like one of those austere almost shadowless landscape canvases, quite purged of human beings, of the moving but ephemeral Group of Seven school that flourished in Canada just before World War I. Two tables away from me someone else was also having morning coffee, a most un-Swedish looking man, dark as a Gypsy. Otherwise the long room was empty. We both seemed to finish our coffee at the same time and stood for a moment by the window looking down at the ruffled water.

"It reminds me of Lake Ontario just beyond the Thousand Islands," I said. "The same hard coloring. If you happen to know Canada."

"I have not had that good fortune," he said in primly exact English.

I asked him if he was from Holland, feeling sure he was not. "No," he said, "I am from Hungary."

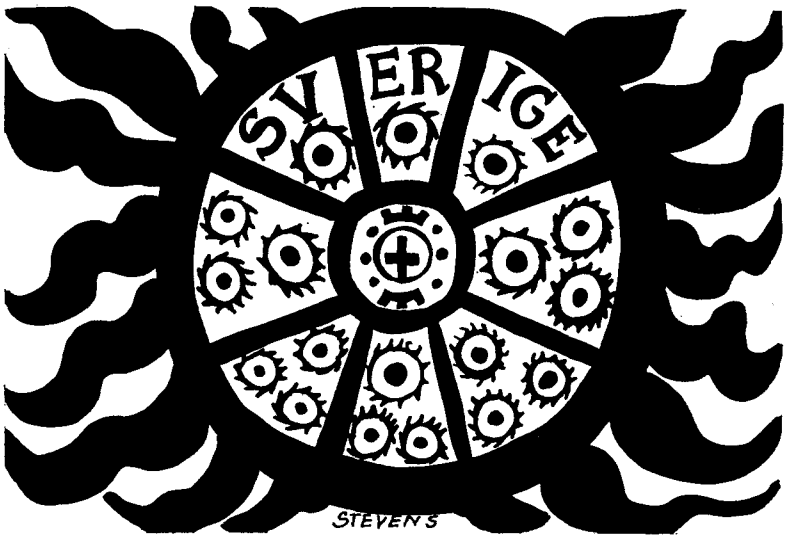
"You speak very good English."

He smiled, and in the shadow of the timbered room his gold teeth glittered like candles on a Christmas tree. "I have never been in an English speech country," he told me. "But I have learned it nights. I have studied it for five years with reading and grammar and discs. That is what I do nights. There is not much to do in the evening but to study something when you travel all the time."

A traveling salesman from Hungary in the middle of Sweden—that I had hardly expected. Yet, I thought, perhaps in the time to come traveling salesmen would form the next International. After all, somebody has to carry round the samples, even from behind the Iron Curtain.

I stayed at the Domus in Stockholm, one of those hotels that serve during term time as hostels for university students. All the rooms are double and each has a bathroom with a shower. By most continental student standards—certainly by British—the still somewhat barrack-like atmosphere of the Domus is luxury beyond the academic dream and might indeed compare with the Harvard houses. Certainly the food is better than in Harvard's giant cafeteria system, and there is this spectacular difference that the Domus is completely co-educational. The only vestigial segregation remaining is that the individual rooms are still assigned to students of the same sex.

My second evening in Stockholm a young reporter, not too long out of university himself, came round to visit me. He had recently seen the American film *Splendor in the Grass* and said that it had proved incomprehensible to Swedes. That a girl could refuse to give herself physically to the man she loved and then go mad when he turned to another woman was outside the range of Swedish experience—at least the



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denial was, in a land where sexual instruction is part of the high school curriculum. Nevertheless, the reporter admitted, the problem of when sexual activity should begin has not altogether been solved. Daughters of fifteen or sixteen are still felt to be a little young for liaisons, and more often than not when they go to their mothers for advice they are told it would be better to wait a bit—"but, of course, if you really must. . . ."

Ridderholm church was in beautiful repair, and of course locked. On Sundays, with the other churches, it would be open and there would even be a few older people attending services. Ninety-eight per cent of the Swedes are baptized Lutherans and belong officially to their state church. I have been told that as a preliminary to the Christmas and Easter celebrations the churches are often quite full. The Swedes like to keep their formal church allegiance and underline it once or so a year. Their hedonism has no place for the village atheist. Occasionally a Swede in his cups has even been known to bring up the problem of the existence of God, and a few self-conscious intellectuals have gone over to Rome, but for most of the population Christianity is dead.

The opulence of Stockholm flows like a quiet river. It seems natural to find a Rolls Royce salesroom next to the Grand Hotel. On my walks through the city I saw exactly one derelict of the type I could find any day by the dozen in Boston's South End, but he was undoubtedly an eccentric who for obscure private reasons abjured the services of the welfare state. There are no real poor. The rich are said to grow unostentatiously richer with the guidance of batteries of lawyers skilled in the intricacies of delayed capital gains, avoiding ostensible profits and so on. Most of them drive company cars and live in company mansions. Things are not so easy for the less maneuverable upper middle class. Still, when I took an excursion boat tour of the harbor and canals I saw more yachts, sailboats and powerboats than I have been told that as a preliminary limited area, with even the most modest more than I could ever hope for. As in any city today there are the beatniks, but the Swedish versions are pallid and conformist. The young men have long hair and listen to American jazz. The girls in their skin-tight mauve trousers are promiscuous with the darker and more exotic foreigners—Italians, Greeks, above all the few available Negroes.

By avoiding the expensive hysteria of two world wars, Sweden has managed to solve the problems that bedevil the rest of us. There are no job problems, no real housing problem, no minority problem, no health problems, no sex problems, no religious problems, no political problem. If it were not for the long winters and the fact that even Swedes grow old and die. . . . The middle way has not yet solved the age-death problem, but eventually no doubt a more advanced Social Democratic government will discover some tranquilizer pill that will stabilize all Swedes at a perpetual thirty-six.

Meanwhile the Swedes are the only people who have or can afford to have a complete underground shelter system. So, very possibly, after the nuclear clouds of World War III have blown over, the only survivors will be Swedes. Then the mutations of the human species will have to be built up again over the millenia, but this time on a solid Swedish basis.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

REVOLUTION IN BRAZIL, by Irving Louis Horowitz (Dutton, $7.50). Not to be misled by the title, prospective readers should note that this book predates the overthrow of the Communist-riddled government of João Goulart. The study of *Brazilian* politics and society here is only incidental to the author's restatement of the major tenet of Marxist dogma, the inevitability of socialism. History will not be denied "redistributive justice . . . entailing as it must high-level planning, confiscation of latifundias, and expropriation of foreign investments." Thus, "the politics of socialism are more nearly representative of the economics of rationality than is the free-market, free-enterprise system." That the *economics of rationality* is more demagoguery than economics and more spurious than rational is clearly demonstrated in the discussion, *inter alia,* of inflation. Inflation "lowers the standards of living, absolutely in terms of real income, and relatively in the relation of classes. There is, however, a directly political consequence of inflation which tends to offset its negative economic features. *Inflation reinforces support for the Goulart regime.* . . ." Elsewhere, and more to the point, "It is far easier to reroute wealth by printing more paper money than by raising taxes." The book includes numerous articles by prominent Brazilian Communists and fellow "agrarian reformers," including Celso Furtado, who set up the Sudene agency and was the author of the disastrous Plano Trienal. Still regarded as "a distinguished economist" in some quarters, Furtado reportedly did receive professorship offers from Columbia, Harvard and Yale. His influence on Professor Horowitz has been admittedly substantial; better luck to his American students.

R. H. MILLER

THE MANTIS AND THE MOTH, by Max Weatherly (Houghton, $3.95). There is a little Poe, a snatch of Faulkner, and a good deal too much of Weatherly in this silly book which attempts to capitalize on the two large money making themes of the '60s—race and sexual aberration, the latter of which is handled especially knowingly by the author. The narrator is a teen-ager, though he might be an octogenarian for the evidence we get from characterization. The plot is a Hieronymus Bosch variation of *Arsenic and Old Lace,* with the youthful Enoch (and thereby hangs a tale of its own) taking two successive raps at the state funny farm for his sister, who cutely persists in doing away with freckled farm boys. The farm population of the small Southern town begins to diminish remarkably, but I lost track of the actual number of sneaker-shod clods who were interred below the lilies of several fields. When the number hits three or four, however, the Negro nanny blows her top and turns in bloody Maria. Finally foiled, our little belle blows her top. "Damn you," she says. "Dammit," says I.

H. H. VAN LENTEN

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New Chips From An Old Block

by
Julian P. Van Winkle
Senior Proprietor
Old Fitzgerald Distillery
Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849

There's the story of the Kentucky stable boy who used to carve graceful little horses from a block of walnut wood.

Asked for the secret of his art, he replied, "It's easy, Boss. Ah jes' whittles off the chips that don't look like hoss!"

But there was more to his secret than that. A lifetime with a curry comb had taught him every twist and turn of "hoss".

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And so, since some 27 years ago when my son first joined our family distillery, I've been whittling away the chips that didn't "look like hoss."

From still house to cooper's shop, from mash tub to yeasting room, he has faithfully followed under my direction every facet of the sour mash distiller's art. Shucking his coveralls, he has taken to the road to make our celebrated products available to customers in every nook and corner of the land.

Today I am ready to pop the bung from the barrel, and call him properly "aged in the wood and bottle-ripe"—ready to carry on the tradition and reputation of our 115-year-old family distillery.

In my view, as in the view of more than a few in our industry, he is more than a "chip off the old block." He is the block itself, shaped and schooled in all phases of our old-fashioned endeavor, and as dedicated as his forebears to maintaining the everlasting excellence of our famous sour mash bourbon.

My friends, in case you're interested, I refer to the *new* President of OLD FITZGERALD—my son, Julian P. Van Winkle, Jr.

This pen with which I write, as well as the family firm which he heads, is now his to guide. How well he does the former, in future columns such as this, will be yours to judge.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon
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at Mellow 100 Proof

TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 848)

worthy of NATIONAL REVIEW, I hope. It raises the question of what race or religion gets the next smear.

Maplewood, N.J. ROBERT STERNBERG

Generally I read the NATIONAL REVIEW only because getting angry at the magazine provides a much better outlet for pent-up emotions than so many other activities. I disagree violently with virtually every position you take and statement you publish.

In your August 25 issue, however, there is a piece which I consider a stroke of genius: Victor B. Miller's "The California Plan" is a superbly effective puncture in the high-flying balloon of those self-righteous citizens who try so hard to prove to the world that they are doing their bit for their less fortunate darker brethren. A few more articles like that may either make them realize how ineffectively silly they are being and stop, or convince them that there are better ways to go about doing something about the problem than just talking. Either would be a boon.

A few more articles like that and I *may* have to find a new target for pent-up hostilities. But not likely.

Washington, D.C. NANCY L. GREEN

Miss Green, meet Mr. Sternberg, above, by and large. —ED.

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (September 22)

Bridges
LETTER TO STUDENTS

It has always been my belief that it was an honor to take any pledge of allegiance or subscribe to any oath of loyalty on behalf of our nation. Why this should become unpopular in some circles is almost beyond my belief and comprehension.

Misrepresentation

Somewhere, in the mechanical process of transferring my copy onto your last issue's pages [Sept. 22], a small but important change was made. I noted that even Richard Rovere was momentarily surprised when President Kennedy suggested, by saying he would be out in the streets if he were a Negro, that "the nation's laws may not be binding

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Professor Wilhelm Roepke
Graduate Institute of International Studies, Geneva (Dr. Roepke's teachings are credited by President Ludwig Erhard as principally responsible for guiding the postwar economic recovery of West Germany)

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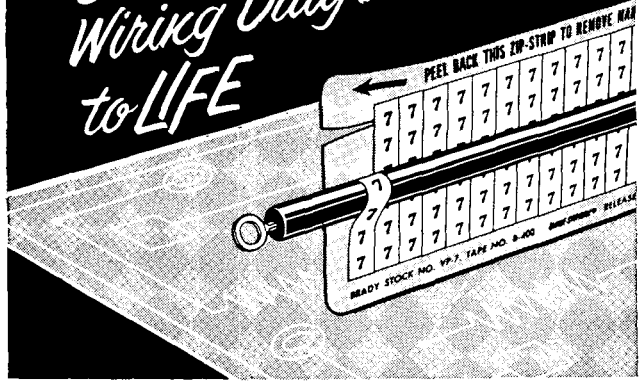

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upon Negroes." The "may" was changed to "must"—misrepresenting Kennedy, Rovere, and me.

Baltimore, Md. GARRY WILLS

Must Reading

Readers who'd like the full story on Lyndon, Bobby and Billie Sol, plus Hubert and the ADA, will be interested to know that it's now available in the revised and expanded edition of *The Fringe On Top*, M. Stanton Evans' indispensable report on extremism in high places. The price is $1 per copy, and the publisher is American Features, 523 State Life Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

Chicago, Ill. MARIE MITCHELL

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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

(Signed) William A. Rusher
Publisher

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

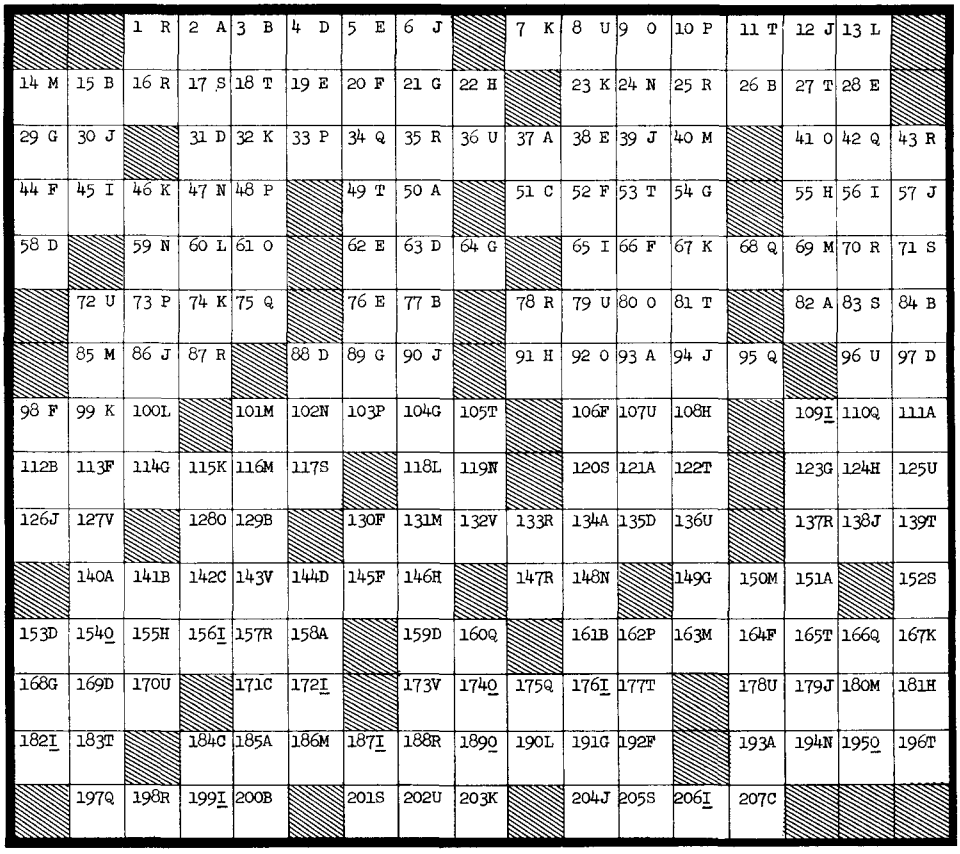
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Famous poet's son (title, surname).	193 93 158 82 134 111 50 121 185 2 37 / 151 140
B. Workers at bottom of ladder (2 wds.).	15 129 3 112 161 84 26 141 77 200
C. Bumpkins.	51 171 142 207 184
D. Newspaper whose name includes America's Cup center (2 wds.).	58 144 63 31 159 4 97 135 153 88 169
E. High-pitched.	62 28 5 76 19 38
F. This breeds contempt.	106 52 192 20 44 98 113 130 164 145 66
G. Birthplace of J. Ramsay MacDonald.	114 29 21 191 168 54 123 64 104 149 89
H. Barrymore found Baskerville among these (2 wds.).	146 124 91 22 108 155 181 55
I. Requisites.	176 56 156 182 65 109 45 206 187 199 172
J. Place discovered several centuries ago.	179 57 204 30 90 138 39 6 94 86 126 / 12
K. Wearisome routines.	203 46 7 32 74 23 115 99 167 67

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
L. Salutes.	60 118 190 100 13
M. Message sent prior to Franco-Prussian War (2 wds.).	69 85 14 180 131 116 163 101 40 186 150
N. Proves to be false.	102 24 148 194 59 47 119
O. Fraternal order (2 wds.).	128 41 80 154 61 174 189 92 9 195
P. Seaport, S. W. Morocco.	162 103 10 48 73 33
Q. Stripped of leaves.	197 42 160 110 34 175 166 68 75 95
R. Food and lodgings.	1 16 43 147 25 70 137 133 188 157 35 / 198 87 78
S. What the Devil may take.	83 17 201 152 117 205 71 120
T. Gettysburg Address author (full name).	122 177 49 18 11 183 27 53 81 139 105 / 165 196
U. Spanish form of parting (2 wds.).	125 8 79 107 72 36 170 178 136 202 96
V. Knucklebones (game).	132 143 173 127

See page 881 for solution of last issue's Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out, it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black squares indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



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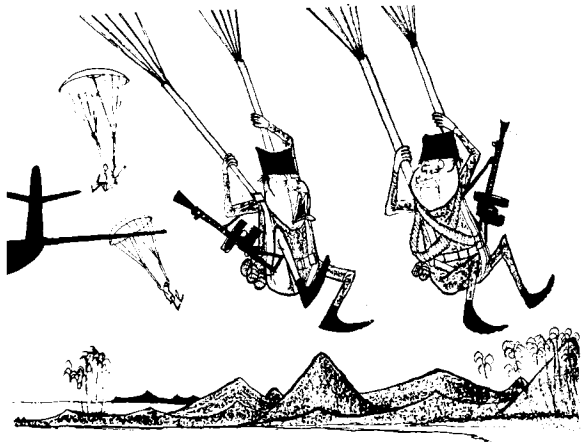
For The Record

Ethical campaign practices, anyone? Rep. Melvin Laird has formally asked Comptroller General Joseph Campbell to investigate whether tax money is being used to help finance Pres. Johnson's campaign. Specifically, whether Sec. of Defense McNamara hasn't assigned Pentagon staffers to develop Democratic campaign material and rebut Goldwater statements. . . . National Council for Civic Responsibility (it's anti-John Birch and other rightist groups), which announced its formation with great deal of fanfare last week, Dr. Arthur (Mr. Moderate Republican) Larson presiding, says there's no connection between launching of "the Council at this time" and the political campaign. Insiders, however, report many of the jobs on the Council are from "now to Nov. 3." . . . Hungarian, Ukrainian and Estonian groups in the Northeast particularly active in promoting Goldwater candidacy on grounds that Johnsonian détente with Moscow will continue captive nations in their captivity.

British Conservative Party has gained 12.5 points in "Who do you think will win?" election poll in three weeks' time; is now neck and neck with Labor. British bookies, however, still giving two-to-one odds on Harold Wilson and the socialists. . . . Ben Bella's National Liberation Front won sweeping victory in last week's one-party election in Algeria, but with nearly half a million fewer Algerians going to the polls. . . . The Algerian Government was jolted by announced 25 per cent cutback in French aid next year. . . . De Gaulle's switch from Taipei to Peking is thorough. France has joined Communist bloc, Burma and Pakistan in unsuccessful attempt to get Free Chinese kicked off International Atomic Energy Agency.

Mao Tse-tung's intrigues against Khrushchev in Arab countries now centering in Syria (which is on outs with Egypt and Iraq). Hundreds of Arabic editions of anti-Khrushchev books and pamphlets are smuggled from Damascus to Lebanon, Jordan, Iraq and the UAR. . . . Nigeria, alert to the dangers of Communist subversion, recently refused to allow two prominent Ghanaian officials to land in Lagos. They were members of the Pan-African Union of Journalists, which is composed mainly of journalists trained in the USSR and the satellites.

Two $1.00 pocket book editions of Warren Report (published by N. Y. Times, AP) should be out within a week or so, with hard cover editions from Doubleday and Popular Books to follow by late October. . . . Warren findings reportedly will not affect Carnegie Hall debate



Ben Roth Agency

"We're doing this in self-defense. If the Security Council won't buy that, we'll say we're waiting for a bus."

next January between attorney Mark Lane (Oswald was not the only one involved in assassination) and Melvin Belli (Jack Ruby's onetime attorney) who believes Oswald was a loner. . . . "Advance" and "Burning Issues Youth Organization" have both been ordered by Subversive Activities Control Board examiner Robert Irwin to register as Communist-front organizations.

Washington Sunday Star carrying the following discreet ad in its classifieds in post-Cow Palace weeks by an alert travel agency: "Liberal Republicans Escape: Long cruises are available, or one-way tickets to non-political areas. All cheerfully arranged."

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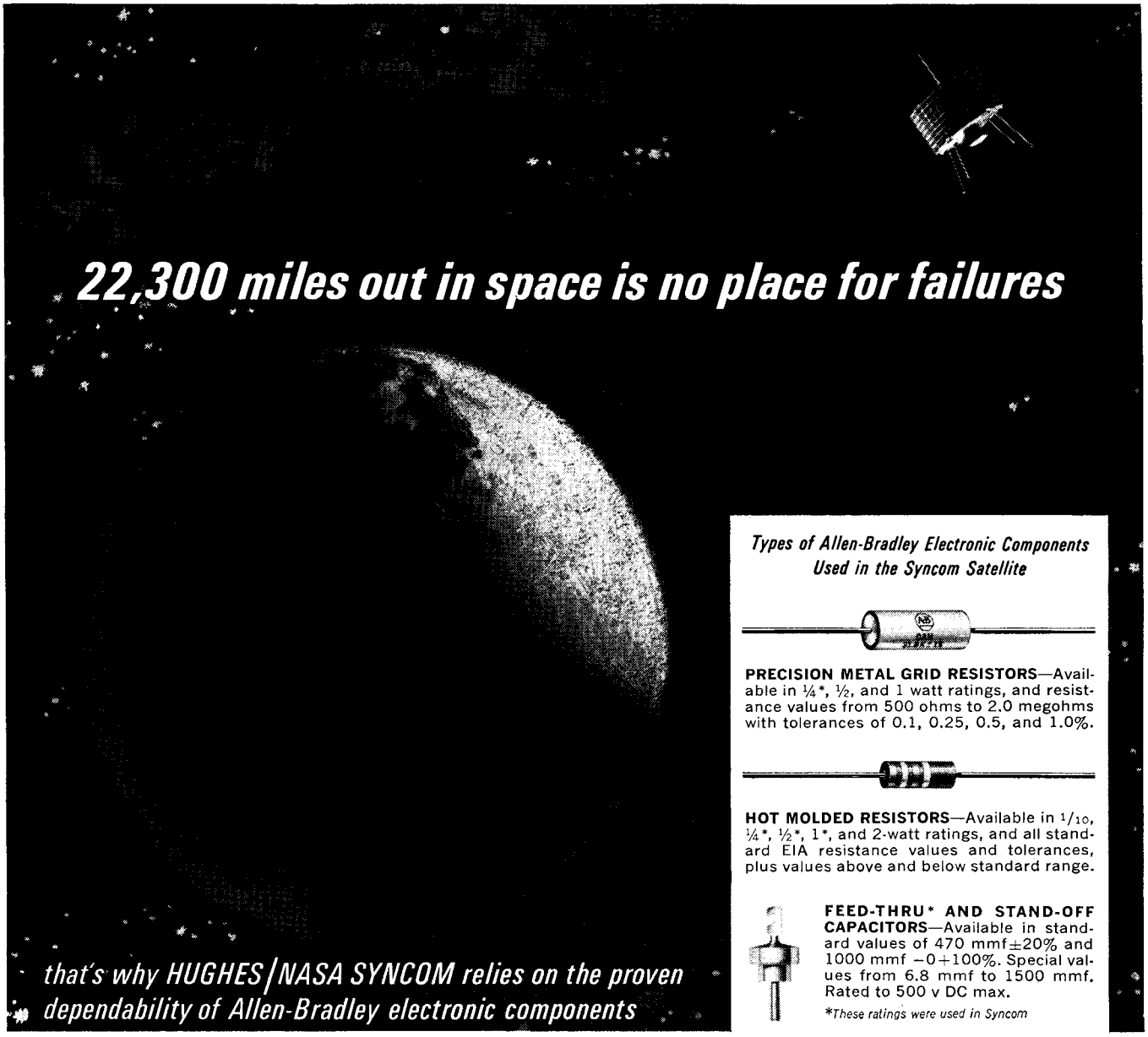

22,300 miles out in space is no place for failures
that's why HUGHES/NASA SYNCOM relies on the proven dependability of Allen-Bradley electronic components

Types of Allen-Bradley Electronic Components Used in the Syncom Satellite

PRECISION METAL GRID RESISTORS—Available in ¼*, ½, and 1 watt ratings, and resistance values from 500 ohms to 2.0 megohms with tolerances of 0.1, 0.25, 0.5, and 1.0%.

HOT MOLDED RESISTORS—Available in 1/10, ¼*, ½*, 1*, and 2-watt ratings, and all standard EIA resistance values and tolerances, plus values above and below standard range.

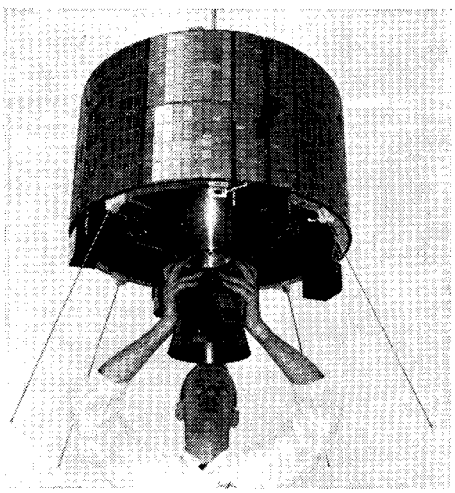
FEED-THRU* AND STAND-OFF CAPACITORS—Available in standard values of 470 mmf±20% and 1000 mmf −0+100%. Special values from 6.8 mmf to 1500 mmf. Rated to 500 v DC max.

**These ratings were used in Syncom*

■ The launching of Syncom II marked a new milestone in establishing worldwide communications, and Allen-Bradley is proud of its contribution to the Syncom Project. In the satellite's electronic systems for communications, command, and telemetry, hundreds of Allen-Bradley fixed resistors are proving their complete dependability. The exclusive hot molding process—developed and used only by Allen-Bradley—provides such uniformity from resistor to resistor that long term performance can be accurately predicted . . . a fact that's field proven by more than ten billion A-B hot molded resistors now in service.

In addition, the Syncom satellite employed Allen-Bradley hermetically sealed metal grid precision resistors. These Type AH resistors have no equal for long-term resistance stability, high frequency performance, and low noise. A-B discoidal feed-thru capacitors were also widely used. These rugged, compact capacitors are free from all parallel resonance effects below 1,000 Mcps.

Follow the example of Hughes Aircraft and let Allen-Bradley quality electronic components give your equipment that "extra measure" of quality that spells success. For more complete details on the full line of A-B electronic components, please write for Publication 6024. Allen-Bradley Co., 1210 South Third Street, Milwaukee, Wis. 53204. In Canada: Allen-Bradley Canada Ltd., Galt, Ontario.



Syncom Satellite—the first synchronous communications satellite built by Hughes Aircraft Company for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. With an orbital speed matching the earth's rate of rotation, a synchronous communications satellite appears to hang motionless overhead; and at its height of 22,300 miles, more than a third of the earth can be seen. Thus, it is possible for three such satellites to form a vast television and telephone network which would circle the globe and provide uninterrupted service.

A-B QUALITY

ALLEN-BRADLEY

QUALITY ELECTRONIC COMPONENTS

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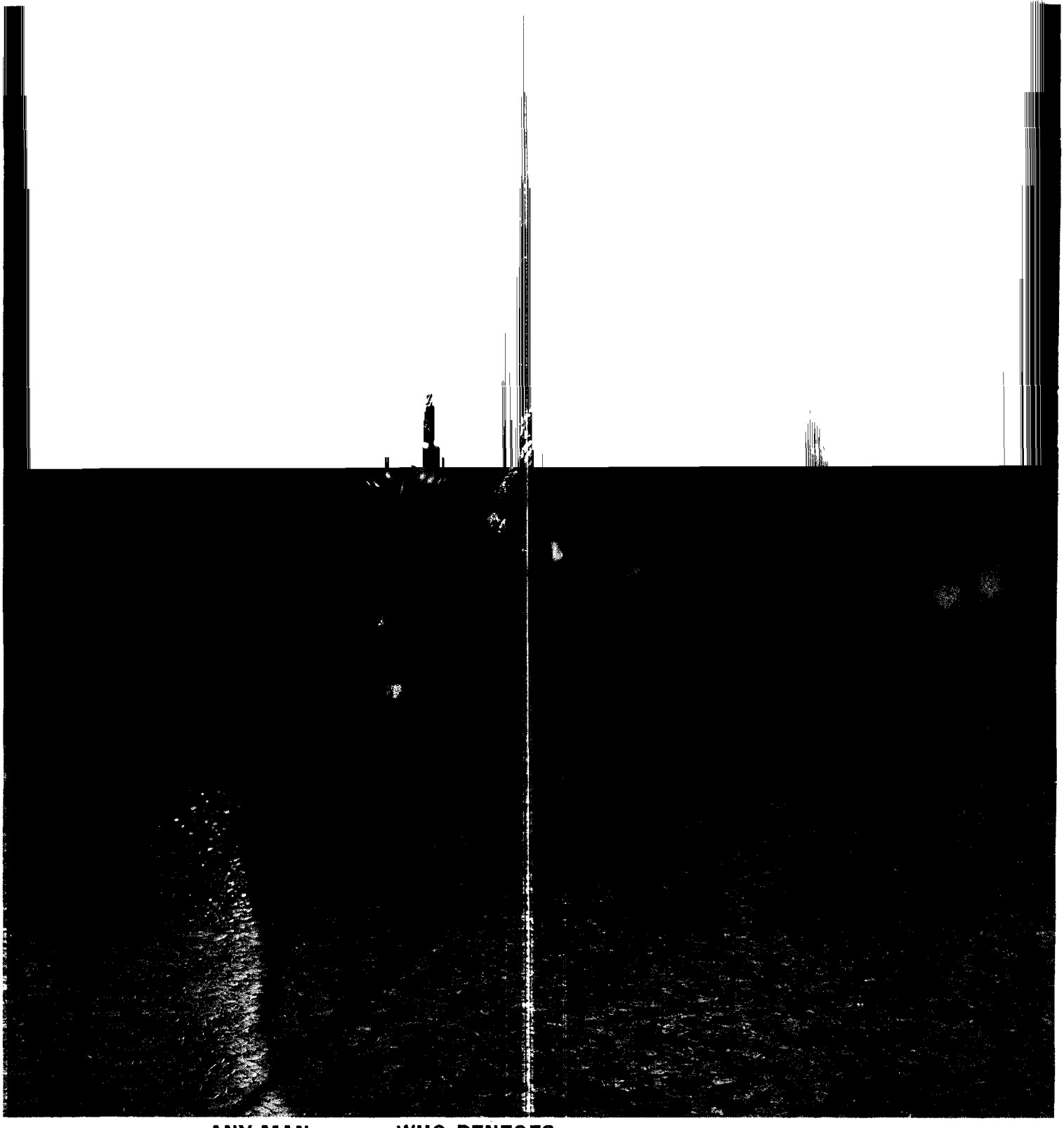

ANY MAN *(swish!)* **WHO RENEGES**
(swish swish!) **ON HIS PROMISE** *(swish!)*
TO BUY HIS WIFE *(swish swish swish!)*
A MONTINA VINYL CORLON FLOOR *(swish!)*
IS IN FOR BIG TROUBLE *(touché!)*

Once a lady sees Montina Vinyl Corlon, and the small stone-like chips it's made of, and the way the chips are set in deep, translucent vinyl; once a lady sees Montina's unusual, nubbly surface texture; once a lady sees in her mind's eye how a Montina floor can glorify her furnishings; once a lady's husband *promises* her a new Montina Corlon floor . . . he'd do best to keep his promise or prepare for battle. Ladies feel strongly about Montina. To see why, write us for a free sample of Montina Corlon. Write Armstrong, 6410 Weston Road, Lancaster, Pa.

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